F O R U M

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Health Pioneers

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Editorial Foreword

YESTERDAY my zigzag life in New York City took me into a number of subways, elevated trains, and crosstown busses. I found myself scanning my fellow passengers in search of a healthy or even a happy face. My quest went unrewarded. There was not a single exhibit among these scores of intra-urban travelers on whom I would be willing to pin my hope for America. It was not that any one of them manifested signs of actual illness. But one and all exhibited in their blurred features or their worried looks that unfortunate condition, neither health nor sickness, which certain British physicians call devitalization or c-ness.

How different were the expressions of these harassed Americans from those of the ruddy, happy British artisans whom I saw last summer swarming in and out of the Pioneer Health Center in the crowded Peckham district of London! This Center is not only a clinic for the prevention of disease but a club for the elevation of that condition of c-ness which unhappily afflicts the majority of human beings. I doubt if there is an institution just like it in America. Here we have our hospitals, our gymnasiums, our "Y's," our country clubs, our birth-control clinics, our Christian Science, our psychoanalysis, our New Oxford Movement. The Pioneer Health Center in London seems to combine all these cheerful social radiations. Only the Swedes have a word that describes the buoyant atmosphere of this scientific institution, *levnadslust* — the joy of life.

GLASS, CONCRETE, AND CORK

DURING THE past decade the British have done many things very well. Probably they handled the dole better than we. Their brightest invention seems to be Basic English, the auxiliary language compiled by a Cambridge scholar which is being taught in the schools of China and the Soviet Union. After Basic I place the Pioneer Health Center as the most promising British achievement since the World War. It is the accomplishment of two British doctors — a man and a woman — G. Scott Williamson and Innes H. Pearse, who are giving their lives to the fulfillment in building structure and human relations of what they have for years been dreaming in blueprints. In THE FORUM for June and July, 1934, these two London physicians set forth their principles in two articles entitled "Good Health for Everybody." Last spring their ideals were realized, if not in bricks and mortar, then in more modern glass and concrete.

Architects gasp for breath when they visit the Pioneer Health Center. It is a unique building of concrete, metal, cork, and chiefly glass, which lets a flood of sunlight into the heart of London. The building — it was designed by Sir E. Owen Williams — is distinctly extravert and radiates vitality in every detail. The glass walls give it at night the appearance of a single unit of dazzling light. Even the partitions between the rooms are of glass, so that one may see a dozen activities going on at once.

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Otherwise the partitions, floors, and ceilings are faced with cork, which softens the sound of athletics and laughter and gives the gaiety a tranquil undertone. The gymnasium floor is springy because beneath the polished surface of cork is a foundation of rubber tubes filled in with a rubberized solution. The furniture is bizarre but pleasing, with red a predominant color. There are stacks of folded tables which telescope in amazing quantity, to be pulled out on an enclosed veranda for the mothers' afternoon sewing circles. The bright, triangular seats in the dance hall balloon with comfort, as they are fitted with seats of some new rubber composition called dunlopillo, two and a half inches thick.

The method of the Pioneer Health Center is biological. The family joins the Center as a unit; individuals are not admitted. Each member is put through a searching clinical examination, and then the family is brought into the laboratory together to compare notes about one another. Thus everything is aboveboard, and elders and offspring are in a position to jack up the other members of the family on their individual shortcomings. All are periodically given a medical overhaul, and exercises, sports, diet are recommended. Actual disease is not treated at the Center but is referred — usually before it appears — to outside physicians. The clinical examinations occupy most of the time of Dr. Pearse and Dr. Williamson between two o'clock and ten. These physicians believe that comparatively little can be done to affect the structural habits of the young after the age of sixteen. They concentrate on the children, but the parents must play the health game at the same time, not only for prenatal training but to provide a sympathetic environment for the child after birth and especially before it reaches adolescence. "The power of environment," say these doctors, "may yet be potent enough to save the individual . . . from the twin shackles of disease and devitalization. . . . The biological unit of humanity is neither the individual nor the community. It is the family."

The Center is situated in the midst of a triangle of five thousand families in the congested district of Peckham. Hundreds of these families have already joined the Center, which is designed to care for a total of two thousand families. When that number joins, the institution will be self-supporting, from their dues. Responsibility and freedom from patronage are fundamental. Although the majority of the members are artisans, many social groups mingle freely in the Center. The family on dole plays with the employer of several thousand workmen in the common pursuit of cheerfulness and health.

The Contagion of Health

Self-reliance also underlies the athletic activities of the Center. There are of course regular classes in gymnastics, swimming, ballet, but teams contest in every manner of sport. Doctors and athletic directors start the ball rolling, but the players are soon left to their own devices. The natural leader appears, whom the others imitate, the champion diver, the future *première danseuse*. Through the glass walls one sees also what is going forward in other rooms, in full view for emulation next day. The pursuit of health becomes contagious in the community. The district takes an aggressive attitude in the struggle to shake off a devitalized condition which had been accepted as normal.

Of prime importance in the Center is the library, presided over by a woman of wise judgment and social tact. She does not force books on the community. She supplies its demand for information and good taste.

In the evenings the elders are learning to spend their odd change in the Center instead of at the movies. There is nothing more fascinating at any London theater than to sit next to the glass partition between the swimming pool and the air-conditioned dancing lounge, chatting with Grandma and watching now the divers and the children playing water polo in the pool and now the equally merry dancers.

The Pioneer Health Center became my London club last summer. One evening I had supper with the two doctors, and they gave me a free education in preventive medicine. Another evening I slipped in anonymously and joined the dancers and adjourned with the throng, when the lights went out at ten, into a street gay with smiling faces, singing and healthy banter, and the batting of brightly colored toy balloons.

Henry Goddard Leach

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Our Rostrum

What Readers Write to the Editor

America and Sanctions

To the Editor:

Baron Pompeo Aloisi makes the strongest possible plea ["America Plays with Fire," December Forum] from his standpoint, but it will not bear the scrutiny of the modern humane and civilized mind. Yesterday's methods of conquest are no defense for present-day use. . . .

. . . Mussolini long months ago paraded his forces, even down to twelve-year-old boys, like a bragging bully. . . . Even in the face of this warlike preparation and strutting, the Baron tells us that Italy was peace-loving. . . . The appeal to the Kellogg Treaty is a mere subterfuge, for if the poor, backward Ethiopians are as crude and uncivilized as the Baron pictures them he should be ashamed to claim that Italy's action is a "defense" of her country.

The plea for a breathing place for Italians is the product of consummate egotism. Mussolini has urged and rewarded an overproduction amongst his people at the behest of a bigoted conviction that the Italians are the most capable people in the world and should therefore rule a big share of the earth. . . . Why not instead foster a normal growth and accept orderly methods of expansion?

History will record with shame the fact that the United States was too cowardly or selfish to join the other civilized nations in the League of Nations. . . .

Christian F. Reisner
Broadway Temple
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

. . . A definite answer to "America Plays with Fire" has been given by the entire world in its condemnation of Italy as a brutal and ruthless aggressor. . . .

Baron Aloisi complains that the embargo on raw materials and foodstuffs will hurt not only Italy but the rest of the world. At the same time Italy threatens that if she is not allowed to go ahead with her plans in Ethiopia she will precipitate a world war. The homage paid by Baron Aloisi to the Covenant of the League and to the Briand-Kellogg Pact sounds insincere, for no one believes that Italy is waging a war of self-defense.

. . . Mussolini . . . in effect . . . says: "We are robbers, but so is every other nation in the world." . . .

Italy had the chance to state her case completely. There was no hurry — in fact for six months every effort possible was made by Britain and France to bring about an adjustment of the difficulty. Every offer of conciliation and arbitration was refused. . . .

. . . When the delegates from Ethiopia were asked to sit at the Council table, Baron Aloisi and his companions arose and strode from the room, thus showing their contempt for the League and the nation Italy intended to destroy. . . .

The course taken by Mussolini in defiance of world opinion, no matter what the result of the campaign in Ethiopia may be, will result in complete ruin for Italy and is likely to put the world back twenty years. . . .

Henry A. Atkinson
General Secretary
The Church Peace Union
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

. . . Baron Aloisi exaggerates the importance of Italy's trade with the United States. . . .

. . . If the American people were to consider the problem solely from the mercenary point of view suggested by Baron Aloisi they would reach the conclusion that it would be far more profitable for the United States to cooperate with the League of Nations than to incur the displeasure of fifty nations, including our best customers. . . .

Henry Bowens
Meriden, Conn.

General Agreement

To the Editor:

That Mrs. [Mary M.] Colum is one of the best critics of literature that we have in this

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country is by now, I take it, pretty generally agreed. It is always a genuine pleasure to me to read what she has to say, and her article ["Short Stories and Plays"] in your December issue is no exception. Her demolition of O'Brien, that critical nonesuch, is a handsome job, and her brief analyses of Shaw, Synge, et al. are (with minor reservations) extremely sharp and sound. (It isn't often that a literary critic displays acumen when drama is the topic.)

She is, I think, in error about the poor sales of printed plays. Shaw's plays, for example, have enjoyed a very great sale. O'Neill's have sold extraordinarily well — in one instance (*Strange Interlude*) almost 100,000 copies, I have been informed; and plays of other dramatists sometimes sell as well as, if not better than, the average novel. . . .

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

. . . Usually I emphatically agree with most of Mrs. Colum's opinions — and have ever since the days of the old *Freeman*, years ago when I first became acquainted with her work. For me she was then, and is now, one of the few true critics of literature writing in English in our time. . . .

EUGENE O'NEILL

Sea Island, Ga.

TAXES AND LABOR

To the Editor:

Mr. E. E. Loomis' "Taxes and Labor" [December FORUM] hastens to apply unsound economic doctrines to combat what he considers "unsound" economic practices — practices displeasing to his ilk. It is a well-known principle of public finance, to be found in all modern books and textbooks on the subject, that personal-income taxes, corporation-income taxes, and excess-profits taxes cannot be shifted to purchasers of products. Since these taxes stay put, the unfortunate taxpayer cannot transfer a portion of his tax burden to other shoulders. It is, therefore, erroneous to lump all taxes together as though their effects were the same and to assert that "the great volume of the tax burden rests finally upon the shoulders of that common man — the ultimate consumer."

Furthermore, it is erroneous to assume that such taxes bankrupt business or even diminish industrial production and employment, for they come into operation only when the business has made a profit. . . . This is the prime argument for financing depressional expenditures, such as relief costs, from federal revenues raised by income taxation rather than financing them from local property taxes, which do not vary with profits. . . .

. . . Mr. Loomis . . . apparently believes that "the greater the amount diverted for future security, the less will be available for present-day wages and profits." Does he think that the more people put funds in savings banks or buy life insurance for future security, the less current wages and profits there will be? Is he arguing for improvidence and against all forms of thrift?

It is, of course, obvious that savings normally are invested — spent for capital improvements — and, therefore, saving in itself does not decrease spending and employment at all. The same naïve notion is present in his statement: "The more tax dollars for government, the less wage dollars for workmen." As though money just vanishes after the government acquires it; whereas the only reason governments raise revenue by taxation is to spend it — Mr. Loomis talks enough about government spending to appreciate that fact. To the worker, of course, it makes little difference whether his wages are from wasteful governmental expenditures or wasteful and lavish expenditures by wealthy employers.

RICHARD A. LESTER
Department of Economics and Social Institutions
Princeton University
Princeton, New Jersey

ECONOMICS AND THE CHURCH

Arthur M. Hyde, who debated, in the November issue, the question of "Spiritual vs. Social Gospel" with Bishop Francis J. McConnell, has written the following rebuttal to the arguments of his opponent:

Bishop McConnell makes two points which are unanswerable. One: Our small group of Methodist laymen is, just as he gallantly points out, insignificant. Two: My own thinking is confused. Respecting other points, the

(*Our Rostrum continued on page VI*)

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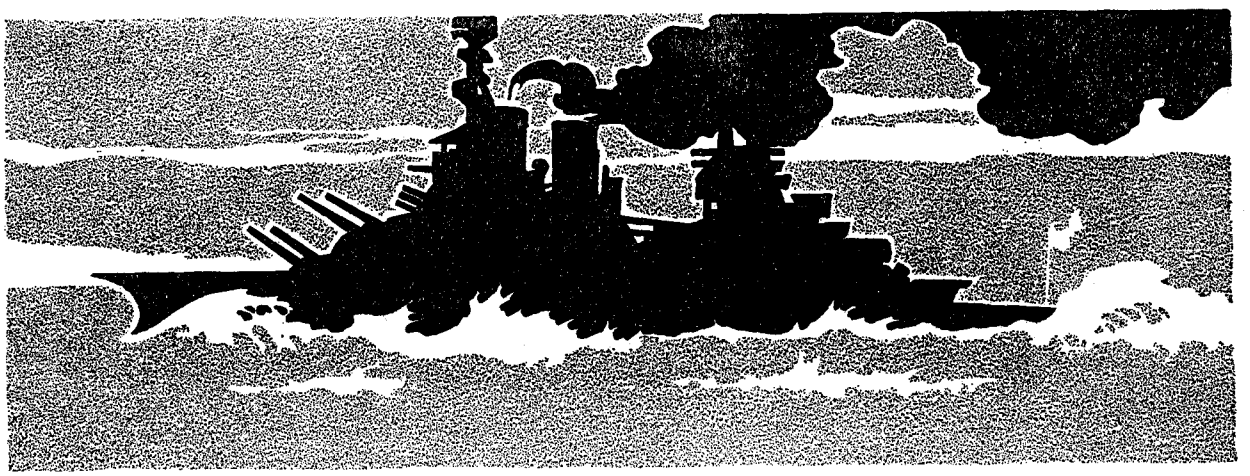
Freedom of the Seas



by **WILLIAM S. SIMS**

Rear Admiral, United States Navy (retired)

The United States has fought two wars in defense of a policy dear to its people, namely, the freedom of the seas. The results of the defense of this policy in the last war are still seen in the tragically long lists of names engraved on its war memorials, in great international debts still unpaid, in the long relief rolls of our cities, and in the enormous burden of war pensions and bonuses.

But what exactly was this policy for the defense of which we have had to pay such a price? As a neutral, we claimed the right to trade with all belligerents and neutrals and we refused to accept the warring nations' definition of what was contraband. Moreover, we claimed the right to be protected in this trade by the armed forces of our country.

When the Great War broke out, we were enjoined to be neutral even in thought, but, in effect, we at once informed the Allies that our policy of the freedom of the seas meant: "Our traders will aid the Central Powers by sending them everything they need to fight you"; and we informed the Central Powers that our traders would do the same in supplying the Allies. Each cargo was a great benefit to the country in which it was landed and a corresponding detriment to its enemies. As a matter of fact, we entered the war on both sides soon after it broke out. Our "neutrality" policy was therefore one that prolonged the war instead of restricting it and is responsible for much of the appalling loss of life and for the condition in which the world finds itself today.

Some people still believe that we should pin our faith to treaties and maintain that all such matters as neutrality, the rules of warfare, and the relations between nations in wartime can be effectively regulated by treaties. But history makes it clear that treaties and international law will be violated whenever a nation has her back to the wall.

Let us suppose a nation were fighting for her life and that the United States were sending vast quantities of goods to that nation's enemies by way of trade through neutral countries. It is quite certain that the nation fighting for her life would stop as much of such trade as she could. And no mere provision of any trade treaty or international law would prevent this, for no nation at war can respect a treaty made in time of peace if compliance with it may cause defeat. Under such conditions armed insistence upon the freedom of the seas will simply mean war, as it has in the past.

If an American citizen chooses to enlist in the ranks of a foreign nation at war, we do not demand that our military forces shall protect him from machine-gun bullets. But an American citizen in search of war profits is aiding a foreign nation just as truly by supplying the commodities vital to her existence.

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Patriotic Profits

Why have we laid such stress on the policy of the freedom of the seas? There are, of course, a number of reasons. There are always those who fear that our rights as American citizens may be trampled upon. Some people, whom Senator Clark calls "vocal patriots," protested against the recent neutrality legislation as an attempt to "haul down the flag." But why, if an American citizen chooses to walk in pursuit of war profits between the battle lines of fighting nations, should he expect protection at the risk of involving the rest of our nation in the conflict?

But, of course, the most powerful cause for insisting upon the freedom of the seas is the pressure of greed, of commercial interests. The Great War showed us how very powerful is this force. In that war we claimed the freedom of the seas chiefly because we wanted the enormous profits of war trade. The needs of the combatants were so great that they were willing to pay almost anything for the vast quantities of goods they had to have to carry on the war. As a result we were sending to the Scandinavian countries from twenty to thirty times as much copper, cotton, rubber, food, and other needed war supplies as we were sending in 1913, all the while knowing that they were shipping these goods down into Germany. The war was a golden harvest for our people, a get-rich-quick chance not to be neglected.

All this neutral trade was under the protection of our government. We made constant threats warning the belligerents that our trade must not be restricted. Our diplomatic notes were ineffective, and it was the disregard of the rights we claimed as neutrals that inevitably drew us into the war.

But now, after the lapse of seventeen years, we can look back and see what has become of the apparent wartime prosperity. The aftermath of the War has taken its toll in taxes, pensions, and debts. We live in a world of financial insecurity. The disastrous effect upon human beings cannot possibly be estimated. Our short-lived prosperity was dearly paid for. Surely, with these experiences behind us, we are not again going to risk our country's being drawn into a war simply because each of us is unwilling to turn down the opportunity for temporary profits.

Some people ask, if unrestricted commerce took us into the Great War, why not put an embargo on all contraband trade? Nowadays that would mean an embargo on nearly every kind of commodity, for almost everything is essential in modern war. Cotton, rubber, food, and so on are no less vital than bullets. If there were a general demand on the part of the people for such an embargo, then our neutrality could be made truly effective.

It is hardly possible to overstate the power for evil of the acquisitive desire. For example, in the Great War the British had an agreement with the Scandinavian countries that goods should not be sent through them to Germany, but in the early part of the War — until about 1917 — the British were unable to stop the flow of trade from England itself to the Scandinavian countries and thence into Germany, although her government was kept thoroughly informed of the great extent of this trade by Admiral Conset, the British naval attaché in the northern countries, as he tells in his thoroughly documented book, *The Triumph of Unarmed Forces*. Though this extremely damaging trade was carried on at a time of great national danger, the British government was not able to stop it during the first three years of the War, so powerful is the influence of commercial interests upon the action of governments. Had this British trade with her enemies and our trade with all belligerents been sufficiently restricted from 1914 on, there can be no doubt that the War would have been ended some years sooner and the world thus saved untold suffering.

For unrestricted trade with belligerents of course prolongs a war. Moreover, it is essentially an inhuman and bloodstained trade — just as inhuman as if, when two gangs of men were fighting with brickbats, you supplied, at a profit, bricks to each side, instead of calling the police. If a war cannot be prevented, the nations of the world should do what they can to restrict it: they certainly should not seek to make money by supplying the means to prolong it.

The Price of Peace

The policy recently announced by our government tends greatly to restrict the present war. Mr. Charles Warren says:

> By formally notifying American citizens that if

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they engage in transactions of any character with the belligerents they do so at their own risk, the President took the boldest and most effective step toward keeping this country out of war ever taken by the United States.

His act sets our foreign policy in a new and safer path. The President has made it plain to everyone that the right of the United States to keep itself out of war is greater than the right of its citizens to engage in trade which might implicate us in war.

The people of the United States are, I believe, very much in earnest in trying to find a way to keep us out of war. But there is an even more far-reaching attempt being made now by the League of Nations, namely, to stop the present conflict and prevent its developing into a world war by the imposition of sanctions against Italy. As the United States is not a member of the League of Nations, we are not technically or legally bound by the League's actions. But we do belong to the society of Christian civilized nations, and therefore we are manifestly morally bound to assist the League in carrying out its measures for the prevention of war. If America does not recognize and act upon this moral obligation, if she insists upon her rights, under the policy of the freedom of the seas, to trade freely with the belligerents, she will thereby neutralize the effect of the League sanctions by supplying a belligerent against whom sanctions are being applied by the League with everything she needs from America's great markets.

Of course it is realized that the government will be subjected to enormous pressure by those seeking to make profits by taking advantage of the vital necessities of the warring nations. As a matter of fact, this affects not only the great traders but also every individual wage earner concerned in our economic life. It is therefore apparent that the government will not be able to give its support to the League unless our people come to realize that the sacrifices they would be called upon to make would be very small compared to the enormous loss which would result for all of us if we became involved in another world war.

In a democracy where public opinion is the determining force, the President, no matter how courageous and far-seeing, can accomplish little unless he has the support of the people. To this end we, as a people, must come to understand that peace is priceless; that it is worth any reasonable sacrifice of war profits; that a decent regard for humanity must be placed ahead of gold. Therefore let every citizen who has the cause of honorable peace at heart support the President in this: Our trade as a neutral must be at the risk of the trader; our army and navy must not be used to protect this trade.

Moreover, if the action of the League in putting pressure upon an aggressor who has violated the Covenant succeeds, it will be a solemn warning to all the nations of the world that such action will be taken against an aggressor in future. Such successful world action would give mankind the first real hope of achieving permanent peace. Do not the American people want to do their part in this great and monumental work?

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Trial by Fury

The Hauptmann Affirmance

by **RICHARD A. KNIGHT**

ON THE NINTH DAY of October last, the New Jersey Court of Errors and Appeals unanimously affirmed the conviction of Bruno Richard Hauptmann for the murder of the Lindbergh baby. This affirmation was met with expressions of unqualified approval from virtually the entire press of the country. The populace was likewise edified. Nevertheless, it is the object of this article to advance the proposition that the decision presents, as did the conviction before it, a monstrous miscarriage of justice bearing social implications of the gravest and most alarming character.

I have no more admiration for Hauptmann than you have and I am quite as certain as you are that, as you have repeatedly said to your friends and they to you, he *must* have had *something* to do with the kidnaping and the extortion which followed it and even with the child's death. But, in a society in which anybody is to be safe, criminal convictions may not be based upon hunches or personal opinions — not even on yours or mine. They must be based upon legal evidence and legal evidence alone. Otherwise, everybody becomes at once a potential victim of the incalculable intuitions of the mob, and there is no law or safety anywhere. So that, no matter how passionately we may thirst for the infliction of the punishment which, in our bones, we may feel Hauptmann merits, we are manifestly fools if we permit its infliction unless our feeling has been justified by competent proof. There is elemental wisdom in the legal aphorism that "courts must not let hard cases make bad law."

II

LAST SPRING, in the midst of a mob of peanut eaters in an atmosphere suggestive of a cockfight rather than of a court, Hauptmann was tried and found guilty, allegedly on circumstantial evidence, not of kidnaping nor of extortion but of murder. Now kidnaping is one thing, and extortion is another, and murder, quite distinctly, is yet a third. And in the record compiled at that trial there is no more evidence that the man is guilty of murder than there is that you are or I am.

The fundamental requirement for the sufficiency of circumstantial evidence to sustain a conviction for murder or indeed any other crime is that it must be *so strong as to exclude all other hypotheses than that of the accused's guilt of the crime as charged.* Any lawyer will confirm to you that in the whole of the criminal law there is no more elementary or perfectly settled rule than this. And there is nothing esoteric, nothing complicated about it; it is precisely as simple as it sounds. With it clearly in our minds, each of us at once becomes as well qualified to pass upon the propriety of the affirmance of the conviction by the Appellate Court as the Supreme Court of the United States is.

Now, specifically Hauptmann was charged

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with murder by virtue of having, while perpetrating a burglary, *accidentally* killed the baby *on the Lindbergh premises* — a technical kind of murder, obviously, since no murderous intent is required by it to be established. In accordance, then, with the rule which I have just recited, for his conviction to have been properly sustained, circumstantial evidence not merely of the child's death but of its *accidental* death *on the premises* must not only have been introduced into the record but must have been so strong as to *exclude the possibility of any other hypothesis*. This is the exact and inarguable essence of the whole case. Unless in that gross ton of evidence which was sent up from the trial court these two facts were overwhelmingly established, not a pound of it could properly avail to sustain the conviction, and all the ingenious deductions from the wood of the ladder and from the handwriting of the ransom notes and all the testimony respecting the passage of the ransom money and all the admissions wrung from Hauptmann himself respecting the viciousness of his own past and indeed anything and everything else in the whole record was and is wholly immaterial. All those things may conclusively prove the crime of *kidnaping or that of extortion*. But it is with the crime of murder and murder *only* that the Appellate Court was concerned — that accidental killing in the course of the commission of that burglary on those premises — it *had* to find overwhelming evidence of that.

III

Well, every gum chewer in the subway knows that there is no such evidence in the record. That it is not there cannot be better illustrated than by reference to the startling fact that the prosecution itself in the actual course of the trial advanced two perfectly contradictory hypotheses of the killing without offering an iota of evidence in support of either and without even suggesting that there *was* any such evidence.

At the start of the trial it explicitly charged that the child's brain was bashed accidentally against the outer wall of the house as it and Hauptmann fell with the breaking ladder. At the close of the trial it changed its theory and without apology or explanation blandly charged that Hauptmann deliberately beat the child's head in with a chisel before ever he removed it from its cradle. As neither the wall nor the nightshirt in which the child was concededly clothed nor the bedding nor yet the chisel bore — any one of them — the slightest trace of the inevitable bloody debris of a bludgeoning, it doesn't take a Max Steuer to point out the not very bright fancifulness of each of these hypotheses or the fact that circumstantial evidence supporting either one of them is wholly nonexistent in the record.

Several of my friends who read a preliminary draft of this article expressed to me their incredulity that the law and the facts of the case could be as I say they are, since, they argued, the presentation to an appellate court of such a combination must necessarily have *forced* a reversal from it. "How *could* the Court have got around it?" they insisted.

Fortunately I was able to say in reply to this insistence that I had carefully checked both with Mr. Edward J. Reilly of Brooklyn, who was the chief trial counsel, and Mr. Egbert Rosecrans of Blairstown, New Jersey, who prepared and presented the appeal, and that both these lawyers had fully confirmed both my interpretation of the law and my reading of the evidence; thanks to the generosity of Mr. Rosecrans, moreover, I had and still have copies of the brief submitted by him to the Appellate Court, from which it incontrovertibly appears that the point I offer here was fully developed and emphasized by him for the Court's guidance in the course of the argument before it. And so, in final answer to my friends' incredulity, I was able to point out to them what they did not know but what we lawyers know all too well, which is simply that, if a court deliberately chooses to anesthetize its conscience and ignore the law in the making of its decisions, there really is nothing to stop it.

And that, with all due respect, is exactly what the Court did in this case. I venture to suggest, indeed, that in the whole literature of appellate decisions there cannot be found one of any jurisdiction more completely divorced from any honest consideration of the evidence contained in the record on appeal or one from which can be more clearly deduced the hell-bent determination of the court, regardless of its duty, to sustain a popular conviction.

In the rambling and only relatively literate opinion written for the whole Court by Mr.

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Justice Charles W. Parker, this paramount point in the case was cavalierly dismissed as follows:

> We think that the jury was clearly entitled to find that the child was killed while the "burglar" was still on the Lindbergh premises, and, if so, the homicide would be [sic] murder in the first degree.

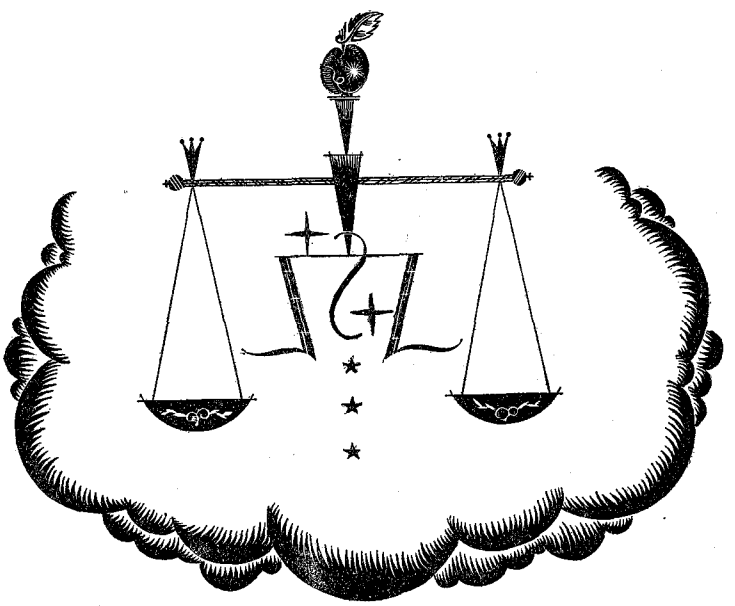
In God's name *why* was the jury entitled to make such a finding in the total absence of any evidence justifying it? Wouldn't it, for example, have been quite as reasonable for it to have found that Hauptmann stumbled and fell with the child in the road *after* he had left the premises and that, the child thus having met its death after the completion of the burglary, there was no murder? And if it had so found could it be argued that that finding was any more the fruit of pure inference than its actual verdict was? Can a shred of evidence be cited in the record which *necessarily* excludes, as, to be effective, it must, either of these hypotheses in favor of the other?

IV

Of course the truth about the Hauptmann case is that it is not only, as Mr. Reilly called it, the crime of the century but it is likewise the mystery of the century. Indeed it is one of the profoundest and most tantalizing mysteries in the whole history of crime. It *couldn't* have happened and yet it did happen. But merely to say that it happened is not to be able to say *how* it happened, and for the maintenance of the general social security crime obviously must be proved and proved up to the hilt before it can safely be punished.

Certainly no reasonable man can believe that this crime has been proved. No reasonable man can believe that an adult and a baby can fall off a ladder into soft mud without making a depression in the mud. No reasonable man can believe that the baby in falling can have its skull crushed in three places by the wall of a house or the rungs of a ladder without its brains and blood staining either the wall, the ladder, or the sleeping suit in which it is clad. In the alternative, no reasonable man can believe that a baby can be done to death in its cradle with a chisel without either the bedclothes or the chisel retaining any evidence of the deed. A jury of mob-menaced zanies, awed for weeks by the implacable presence of a World Hero on vengeance bent, their oafish passions inflamed by the frantic yowling of an ambitious small-town prosecutor can believe such grisly nonsense, but a reasonable man can't.

And so, no matter how strong his hunch or yours or mine is that this Hauptmann committed murder, since none of us can believe these unbelievable things and believe, as well, that they were proved when they weren't, we have clearly no choice but to recognize that the affirmation of his conviction by that exalted court of callous, worldly minded old men is a crime far more sinister in its social significance than could possibly have been the murder, if it was murder, of that poor little child. For a child's murder can set no legal precedent; but a judicial lynching can.



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Progress and Profits

A Debate

I—Three Roads before Us

***by* HERBERT AGAR**

CAPITALISM IS the system of the private ownership of the means of production and the use of those means of production for profit. But the "private ownership of the means of production" can mean two very different things. It can mean a system under which the ownership of productive property is widespread or it can mean a system under which ownership is so very private that scarcely anyone has any. The former system is the economic basis for democracy; the latter system is monopoly capitalism, the economic basis for Fascism.

Defenders of the institution of private property use two types of argument — one moral, one politico-economic. It is my thesis that all these arguments are valid if they refer to the institution of widely distributed private property, that none of them is valid if they refer to monopoly capitalism. It is my thesis that civilization can survive and flourish under a genuine property system but that it must die away into Fascism under a system of monopolies.

The moral argument for property is that it makes for responsibility, freedom, independence and for the stability of the family. If we think of property in terms of families owning their own farms, their own stores, their own machine shops — or, in co-operation with not more than a few score others, their own small factories — it is self-evident that the argument is valid. People who own productive property are their own masters to an extent which can never be true of people who live on a salary or a dole. The man who owns productive property will flourish or decline according to his industry, his intelligence, his reputation among his neighbors. The man on a salary may be ruined forever when some superbandit like Kreuger kills himself in Paris.

But private property, in the sense of monopoly capitalism, has no right to use any of these arguments. It is not true that the millions are made stable, made industrious, made free by watching a few hundred other people own the productive resources of society. It is not even true, to judge by the family histories of most of our robber barons, that the few hundred other men gain moral value from their property. It may be true (though I do not think so) that monopoly capitalism is efficient. But there is no moral argument that can be brought to its aid.

In the field of economics and politics there are two main arguments in favor of private property. The first is that under a real system of private property, combined with a real system of free competition, the production and distribution of goods takes place semiautomatically, without benefit of "planning." But it is not possible to have free competition in a world of giant monopolies. There is no point in forming monopolies except to rig the market, to get rebates and subsidies and all sorts of special favors both from your competitors and from the government. Once that is done, the economic argument in favor of free competition and a free market has been destroyed. Once monopolies have come into being, the first step has been taken toward a planned economy. And if a planned economy is contemplated I think any disinterested man would rather live in an economy planned by communists for the good of the whole than in an economy planned by robber barons for the good of one another.

In a world of widespread property and truly free competition, it is possible to allow free thought and the free expression of opinion. For the economic life of the community will go forward irrespective of how many people have queer ideas or how many followers they may

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gain. But a planned society cannot permit free opinion. A planned society must be efficient in an absolute and military sense. And an attack on the official ideas of the state is an attack on such efficiency.

For example, if I were living in a planned society of production-for-use and if I began to agitate for small private property on moral grounds and if I gained enough followers to become of the least importance, it would become necessary to quiet me. My ideas would threaten the all-important Plan. Every man who listened to me would become a less efficient unit in the Plan. If enough men listened to me the Plan itself might bog down, and society would be threatened with starvation. So I should quite naturally be wiped off as a counterrevolutionary.

In a society of real owners and of free competition, any man who chose could be left free to advocate communism. Any group which chose to set up a communist community within the state could be left free to carry on the experiment. Society would not be threatened for society would not be dependent on military efficiency and would not have to use military ruthlessness against the dissentient. But this argument, too, has no force at all when it is applied to monopoly capitalism. For monopoly capitalism is a half-planned society, with all the vices of communism but none of its virtues. Monopoly capitalism gets scared to death (in the person, for example, of Mr. Hearst) when the merest pip-squeak rises to challenge its authority. And in the end it lands in Fascism, the most repressive form of government that has yet been seen outside of Asia.

II

THE CHIEF POLITICAL argument in favor of property is that widespread ownership is the only basis for self-government. Only in a state where the majority of families really owns can the citizens have sufficient freedom to govern themselves. It is a maxim of politics, as John Adams declared, that power follows property. Give property to the many, and the many can have political power. Create an economic oligarchy, and a political oligarchy will be added unto it. This was explained to us many years ago by James Madison — and Madison pointed out that if we allowed the economic oligarchy it would not do any good to create the mere forms of political democracy. No matter how many people were given the vote, political power would go to the people who had the property. American history might be described as one long lesson in the accuracy of Madison's statement. So here too the argument in favor of property applies only to property that is widely distributed. Monopoly capitalism is not the basis for self-government; it is the basis for a tyrant state.

The problem of civilization versus capitalism resolves itself into the question: Can capitalism remain a real system of private property, or must it necessarily become a system of monopoly? The next step in my argument, therefore, is to give reasons for believing that the drift toward monopoly is not a law of nature.

John Adams pointed out a long time ago that if we wanted to save private property in America we should have to put certain restrictions on private enterprise. We should have to discourage the rapacious few from getting so much property that they dispossessed their neighbors and at the same time set up monopolies which destroyed free competition. In spite of this warning from the most thoughtful of our Fathers, the average American to this day confuses private property and private enterprise.

The difference can be easily illustrated. Private enterprise is a basic human instinct which, like all instincts, can be a good thing if it is made to serve a moral purpose or a bad thing if it is turned loose to go its own way. The relation between property as an institution and enterprise is similar to the relation between the family as an institution and sex. Few would contend that the institution of the family would be served by taking all social controls off the sexual instinct. Similarly, it is absurd to pretend that the institution of private property is served by taking all social controls off private enterprise. Just as the family, as an institution of society, would be destroyed by uninhibited sexuality, so property, as an institution or society, is destroyed by uninhibited enterprise.

III

IT IS OUR privilege in America to choose private enterprise as our aim instead of private property, to choose the atmosphere of a gold-rush camp and the morals of a robber baron.

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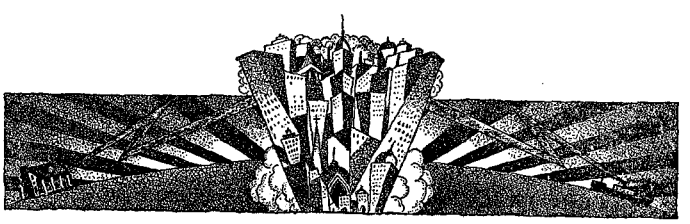
It is not our privilege to pretend that this choice is inevitable. If we make the choice, the resulting Fascism will be our own fault; we cannot pass the blame to fate. We have before us, in the Scandinavian nations, a clear proof that a nation can reverse the economic drift toward monopoly, can re-establish the institution of widespread property, if it decides that it wants to do so. Naturally, the Marxists are happy to assure us that all the worst features of capitalism are inevitable. The Scandinavians have proved that the statement is untrue. Through direct ownership in the case of land and small shops, through producers' co-operatives in the case of small industries, the Scandinavians have shown that modern technology and modern industry are not incompatible with real private property.

There are fields of modern industry, of course, such as electric power and transportation, where bigness is of genuine economic advantage, where real, responsible ownership on the part of the plain man is not possible. In these fields monopoly would appear to be necessary, free competition to be impossible. Direct social control, as in Sweden, or indirect control, as in the case of the British Gas Regulation Act, would seem to be indicated. But what we have failed to understand in America is that this field where bigness is a virtue is a relatively small field. Over much of modern industry the optimum size for a plant is the smallest size which can use the most modern, the most labor-saving machinery. Decentralized production units, producing locally for local use, on a scale where not more than a hundred people are involved in both management and labor, can be owned by producers' co-operatives. And such ownership would be real, in the sense that the owners would have responsibility and control, so that the moral arguments in favor of property would at once become applicable. Such decentralization of ownership as well as of plant would take time. But I am not sure that it is not worth taking a little time to preserve America from Fascism.

Wherever an industry has been decentralized, wherever the rule is local production for local use, the small shopkeeper is rehabilitated vis-à-vis the chain store. For the efficiency of the chain store comes from mass buying, undercutting advertising and distribution costs. And the chain store would have no such advantage when buying from a local producer. It would have the disadvantage of its inflated overhead costs.

If the American farmers (about half of whom are dispossessed and another 20 per cent of whom own nothing more alluring than an overgrown mortgage) were restored to real ownership; if the "merchant at the crossroads store" became once more an owner; if over a large field of industry the workers and the factory managers were real owners, we should have again the basis for a free state. I do not say the change could be accomplished quickly. A lot of it could be done in 5 years; some of it would take a generation. But, as soon as a start were made in this direction, the plain man would again dare to have faith in America. And heaven help us if the grounds for such faith are not created quickly.

There are three roads before us. We can say, with the Fascist states of Europe, that we believe in monopoly capitalism and that therefore we intend to abolish all such nonsense as democracy and to set up a tryant state of the Right. We can say, with the Marxists, that monopoly is inevitable and that the only thing to do is to carry it to its logical conclusion, to make it complete, and at the same time to give it a moral purpose, to set up a tyrant state of the Left. Or we can say that we believe in the American effort, in freedom and self-government and independence for the plain man and that therefore we intend to restore property. Only if we make the last choice can civilization survive under the capitalist system.



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II—Capitalism Prepares Society's Doom

by **LEWIS COREY**

It is significant, for this discussion, that Mr. Agar admits civilization cannot survive under monopoly capitalism, the capitalism dominant today. Only capitalist diehards will quarrel with that. For there are forces moving toward the destruction of civilization, whose final expression is the imperialist preparation of new and more destructive wars and the Fascism that deliberately turns back the clock of progress.

The restoration of widespread ownership of small productive property, as the means of averting the danger to civilization and as an alternative to socialism and communism, may sound American. But small property is not particularly American: it is a universal middle-class ideal. The Puritans under Cromwell fought for small property, and their left wing, the Levelers, urged the equality of small property ownership. Jean Jacques Rousseau's ideal was a society of small property owners, in which there should be neither opulence nor rags. Small ownership was, especially, the ideal of the Jacobins, who influenced the American democratic movement of the 1790's: Robespierre urged a measurable equality of income, while Marat advocated, in typical American language, a "wage sufficient to enable a workingman, after three years of faithful service, to go into business for himself." This ideal of the middle class was everywhere limited or destroyed by the development of industrial capitalism and nowhere more so than in the United States.

Small ownership was most completely realized in the America of the 1820's, when 80 per cent of the people owned independent means of livelihood in the form of small productive property. That condition, however, was steadily and inexorably transformed, until today 88 per cent of our people are deprived of ownership in productive property as a source of livelihood — 80 per cent are dependent on jobs, either as wage workers or salaried employes, while another 8 per cent are farmers who do not own their farms.

The major factor in the older widespread ownership of property was the great scope of agriculture and its constant renewal in the frontier. Around 75 per cent of the American people were farmers who owned their farms. Small property might be limited or destroyed in the older settlements, but it was renewed in the new frontier regions. As, however, industry became increasingly ascendant and the frontier ended, a smaller and smaller proportion of the people engaged in agriculture, until now only 15 per cent of the gainfully occupied are so engaged and most of them do not own the land on which they work. Agrarianism is the basis of widespread property ownership and agrarianism is gone beyond recall.

Another factor was handicraft production. Factories were still scarce, as the industrial revolution had only begun, and industry was largely carried on by master handicraftsmen and journeymen who expected to become masters. But with the onsweep of the industrial revolution there was an inescapable technical-economic drive toward enlarging the scale of production. Small tools or machines used by one or two men gave way to increasingly larger and more complex machines requiring scores of workers to operate them and constantly more capital to invest in equipment and raw materials. Industry moved steadily toward concentration of productive units, with relatively fewer and bigger owners and larger numbers of propertyless wage workers and salaried employes.

These profound changes took place in the midst of that free competition and free market which Mr. Agar imagines are the assurance of widespread ownership of small property. The competitive system of production for profit must destroy small property, for the man who disposes of bigger property or capital can produce more efficiently, secure a larger share of the "free" market, and destroy the competition of the small man and the small man himself. That is the result of private enterprise, which, despite Mr. Agar's unreal distinction, is indissolubly connected with private property under the conditions of production for profit and the market.

The American small property owners waged

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the most militant struggle to survive — the Jacksonian revolt against monopoly, Populism and Bryanism, the progressivism of Theodore Roosevelt and the "new freedom" of Woodrow Wilson — and they were most decisively beaten. For they were struggling against the inevitable, since they accepted the production for profit and competition out of which industrial concentration and monopoly arise. Everywhere, to a lesser or greater extent, capitalism has destroyed widespread property ownership.

Underlying that development was the intensive industrialization which enlarged productive units beyond the possibility of ownership by men of small means. It is conceivable that industrialization might develop without producing monopoly and all its evils — but not under capitalist conditions: as, today, in the Soviet Union.

II

THE CONSTRUCTIVE aspect of the destruction of widespread property ownership is the technical-economic efficiency which now makes it possible to abolish poverty and make abundance available to all: something unknown in the earlier capitalism. But it is precisely that efficiency which now endangers capitalism and civilization itself. Capitalist industry is based on the making of profits and the conversion of profits into capital for the production of more profits. That cycle was always interrupted by recurrent crises and depressions, but after recovery the upward movement of economic activity and capital accumulation was again renewed.

Now, however, the movement is downward. It is downward because the immense productivity of industry limits profits and the accumulation of capital. Capitalism has become too productive for its own good: the abundance it is capable of producing is a threat to the price-and-profit structure. The claims or "price" of capital must fall if the abundance is to be made available to all the people. The rate of profit, always tending to fall as more capital was required to produce goods and the producing powers of society were developed beyond its consuming powers, moves economically and objectively toward zero. Capitalism creates the conditions of its own doom.

But the vested interests of capitalism resist the doom. They resist by means of the imperialist struggle for foreign markets to absorb surplus capital and goods, a struggle which, with the perfection of the instruments of war, threatens the destruction of civilization in the event of another world war. They resist, moreover, by monopoly and the state deliberately and "planfully" limiting production to protect the rate of profit, while millions of wage workers, salaried employees, and professionals are condemned to permanent unemployment and want. That is the crisis of capitalism, which sets in motion a revolt against all the values and achievements (real, in spite of tragic limitations) of capitalist civilization.

The crisis of capitalism means a revolt against its greatest contribution to civilization: multiplication of the productive forces of society, the increasing limitation of scarcity and creation of potential abundance. Now, however, capitalism limits the productive forces and creates artificial scarcity in the midst of all the means for the realization of abundance.

Multiplication of the productive forces involved an increasing mastery of the world, for it was made possible by the technological application of science, and science is the mastery of natural forces to serve man. But, if capitalism must limit production to survive, it necessarily limits technology and science and *decreases* man's mastery of the world. (It is ominous, moreover, that the technological application of science is now most active in perfecting the destructive instruments of war.)

After the misery of the industrial revolution there was, in the economically highly developed countries, a tendency toward improving mass well-being. Capitalist civilization gave the masses a share, however small, in the conquests of progress. Now even that small share is destroyed. For, with the limitation of production and lower levels of economic activity, millions of wage workers, salaried employees, and professionals are thrown into permanent unemployment, while lower standards of living are imposed upon those still at work. Increasing mass well-being becomes increasing misery.

This economic reaction sets in motion a revolt against the cultural values and achievements of capitalist civilization. In order to survive, decaying capitalism must increase its repressive forces. It now condemns the rational attitude to the world and the appeal to reason

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which it used in the struggle against feudalism. It must limit the scope of education and completely kill its independent spirit. For they are now all dangerous to vested capitalist interests. The ideals of liberty, equality, and democracy, most real in the America of the 1820's but since increasingly limited and degraded, must be completely destroyed. Capitalism moves toward the tyrant state, whose final and most brutal expression is Fascism: the organization of decline and decay, the new barbarism.

Underlying these developments is the revolt against progress, a concept created by capitalist civilization itself. For progress now means to go beyond capitalism to a new social order whose objective basis capitalism itself has created in the dominant economic collectivism. Within that collectivism the great majority of the people is dependent on the property of a small oligarchy. Economic activity is co-operative and collective, management is an institutional hired function and separated from ownership. To strip collectivism of its capitalist fetters — to transform collective property now privately owned into the collective property of the community — means to liberate the capacity to produce abundance and to create a new and higher socialist civilization, building on all the constructive values and achievements of capitalism.

III

THE RESTORATION of small property is impossible. Industries which even Mr. Agar admits cannot become the objects of small ownership employ at least 12,000,000 wage workers and salaried employees. They become an overwhelming majority if other industries (and professional people) are included. Break monopoly, and the underlying economic units are still too large for small ownership. The new technology, especially electric power, makes possible geographical but not economic decentralization of industry. There are today only 2,700,000 independent small enterprisers (including all independent professionals) and 3,500,000 farmers who own their farms: only 12 per cent of all persons gainfully occupied. That number might be increased, but never to 50 per cent. And even if it were increased to 50 per cent the nation would still be half free and half unfree, for Mr. Agar admits that the man who does not own his independent means of livelihood is not a free man.

From one angle, Mr. Agar seems to propose that the larger industries should be socialized and the smaller owned by producers' co-operatives. But that is neither private property nor capitalism: it is a modified socialism. Civilization is to survive under capitalism by the practical abandonment of capitalism!

From another angle, Mr. Agar seems to propose merely a restoration of more widespread ownership of small property under the capitalist conditions of production for profit and of competition and the market. But the majority of the people would still be propertyless and unfree, wage-and-salary dependents on the property of others. Recurrent crises and depressions would still break out, and want in the midst of plenty. The problem of abundance would still torment capitalism, for the problem is unsolvable except in terms of production for use, not profit. Civilization? They have widespread ownership of property in France, and there too civilization is endangered by limitation of production, imperialism, and Fascism.

No: civilization to survive and flourish must go beyond capitalism to socialism. The economic planning of socialism is not tyranny: it means mastery of the productive forces (which are now our masters), and mastery is the beginning of freedom. Denial of the right of private ownership in productive property is not tyranny; it is merely the recognition of one necessary condition for a higher civilization. "The moral argument for property," says Mr. Agar, "is that it makes for responsibility, freedom, independence and for the stability of the family." But there are other sources of responsibility than property: is irresponsibility the mark of a college president who directs a socialized institution he does not own?

The most stable family in the world now exists in the Soviet Union, where there is no private ownership of productive property. Freedom and independence are limited by property: they are liberated by the economic security of socialism, its right to work and to an income. Socialism means the multiplication of abundance and leisure, of education and culture: the only real guarantees of liberty, equality, and democracy, arising out of the abolition of class domination and antagonisms. In a socialist civilization man becomes master of the world and of himself.

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The New Crusade

Kagawa Preaches Economic Salvation

by **BERTRAM B. FOWLER**

THE GREAT SPIRITUAL leaders of the world have a way of appearing from the most unexpected quarters. When Philip brought word to Nathaniel that he had found the great leader whose coming Moses had prophesied, Nathaniel countered with a question that has ever since summed up our cynicism regarding the appearance of apostles, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

Following Christ, Paul came from the ranks of the persecutors of Christianity to establish the teachings of the Messiah as a permanent and fixed philosophy. There have been a few great leaders since then. All of them have been men and women who interpreted the basic teachings of Christianity, opened new vistas, gave fresh impulse to theology, and blazed new paths of action for the human race.

So today the comet of Toyohiko Kagawa's gospel of economic Christianity is blazing across the heavens. Those who know of him and his teachings have accepted him as the great Christian leader of the age. For, following generations of preachers who taught a philosophy of ethics that creaked and groaned as it was bent and twisted to fit an unethical system of economics, this man has come with his flaming gospel of a theology that is practical and applicable to modern problems.

He preaches no Kingdom of God in some distant and shadowy hereafter but the Kingdom of God upon earth, to be brought in by the practice of co-operative brotherhood. And his method of teaching is as practical as is his message. He goes direct to the heart of the problem, to the starving millions of the underprivileged, and shows them how to form co-operatives, how to lift themselves out of intolerable conditions, how to better their present lot. He shows these men the workable plan of consumer co-operation and then tells them: "This is Christianity. This is economic theology."

As a result Western Christians have been turning to this remarkable man, this man who more than any other figure of our times deserves the title of a present-day saint. The preachers and teachers of America turn to Kagawa, look upon the tremendous change he is working, and ask for counsel, ask him for words of advice. And to them Kagawa answers, "Form co-operatives. Help bring in the Kingdom of God upon earth. Reach out co-operatively and meet the Christians of all lands to build peace and plenty upon earth."

II

TO UNDERSTAND this man who is stirring the churches of the world to action as no man has stirred them in generations, it is necessary to understand his background, the tragic, moving story of his childhood and youth, as well as the stirring and monumental work of his manhood. The story of Kagawa is intensely human. It is a story that is a strange mixture of Oliver Twist, of Roland, of Francis of Assisi. The man and his work tower monumentally today. If his story had ended with his early struggles it would have made merely a story to touch the hearts of men. Instead it has gone on to move them to follow him along the road of a new phase of Christianity, an economic one, probably one of the most important in the whole history of man's developing understanding of the all-inclusive teaching of the great Messiah.

His birth was inauspicious. His father was of the Japanese nobility. His mother was a concubine. When he was four years old, both father and mother died, and he was brought to the ancestral home at Awa to be greeted by his stepmother with the words, "You are the son

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of my enemy." In this atmosphere he spent his childhood. He knew cruelty and hatred, this child who hungered for affection and understanding.

When in his teens, he went to live with his uncle in the city of Tokushima. He was still the son of his father. Back of him were the traditions of the Japanese family, before him a career that should square with those traditions. He was taught Confucian precepts. "Be a saint. Be a gentleman." But Kagawa was beginning to wonder how one became either of these when there was no pattern. For as yet he had been presented with no model after which to fashion his life.

He was allowed to attend a mission school because his family believed that he would there learn English, a laudable and practical accomplishment. But at the mission school he found his pattern in Christ.

The next step was theological school. But that step brought the final break with his family. He was cut off from all material support. He was thrown upon his own resources. He had to work his way through college.

He was obliged to cut his studies short when he became a victim of that dread disease, tuberculosis. He won that battle but has gone forward ever since with the handicap of ill-health added to the many others that circumstances and tradition had placed upon him.

Perhaps it was such trials and handicaps that developed that Roland side of his nature, the indomitable courage and blazing zeal. For when he finished his studies in the theological school he turned his back on the pleasant dormitory where he might have lived and moved down into the Shingawa slums of Kobe.

Here he lived in a little room six by six, surrounded by poverty, misery, and degradation in its vilest and most horrible forms. From a beggar with whom he shared his tiny room he caught tracoma and almost lost the sight of one eye. A ruffian who demanded his money knocked out some of his front teeth. He was driven out by the people he had come to help, but returned. He loved these people. He refused to call upon the police for help even when his life was threatened. With the understanding and tenderness of a St. Francis was coupled the courage of Roland.

People or circumstances couldn't make him quit. It took his own convictions to do that. For five years he worked in this fashion and quit only when he saw the hopelessness of his struggle. He said at this point, "One individual working for individuals cannot change society."

So he altered his tactics, broadened his work. The next five years saw Kagawa working through his second great phase of activity. He got a chance to go to America and study. He spent two years at Princeton, completing his education and studying labor organizations and social work. He returned to Japan to throw himself into the organization of Japanese labor.

In the following five years he organized the Japanese Federation of Labor. He organized the Farmers' National Federation. He started the first laborers' school, the first laborers' newspaper.

Having brought the laborers and farmers together he proceeded to push through the thing that had beaten the intellectuals for thirty years. He was the one responsible for the gaining of universal manhood suffrage. He got the masses their votes. He went further and showed these masses how to pull together to get farmer and labor candidates elected to the National Diet.

III

THOSE WERE five years of accomplishment that were epochal. That phase alone would have been a monumental lifework for any single man.

To Kagawa it was but the beginning. For in his work he saw something beyond all this. He began to perceive a goal toward which he has since steadily been driving. He found consumer co-operation.

In it he saw not merely economic democracy. To him it was economic Christianity. He really perceived the intrinsic and necessary unity of all phases of man's activities and knowledge. For men's lives were based on certain ethical values — brotherhood, liberty, true equality. Therefore, to be sound and enduring, all the rules and methods of business and politics must square with the underlying ethical-democratic foundation of true Christianity.

Preached as a mere intangible outline of a possible Utopia, such a teaching would have been just another collection and vocalization of an abstruse philosophy. But Kagawa doesn't

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preach in that manner. He threw himself into the building of co-operatives just as he had thrown himself into the organization of farmers and labor. He showed the people how to build co-operatives and then told them, "This is Christianity. This is the rule of Christian brotherhood, and this is how it works."

There were already co-operatives in Japan. The government had sponsored co-operatives and credit unions since the beginning of the century. But Kagawa vitalized them, brought out the basic tenets of consumer control of the economic system.

He remade the credit-union movement. He added to it marketing and purchasing services. For most of Kagawa's people were so poor that the formation of co-operative stores was out of the question. He worked with what he had, and out of his efforts is growing a co-operative movement that amazes all those who see it.

He has fostered and developed co-operation in all its phases. He has helped to found co-operative schools based on the Danish folk-school system. There are nearly a hundred of these schools now teaching the co-operative technique, spreading the gospel of economic Christianity.

Portrait by Karl S. Woerner

Toyohiko Kagawa

To insure real leadership, Kagawa is working among the university students. In five of the big Tokyo universities he has started consumer – co-operative societies. Thus he is reaching the

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coming leaders, is turning out men and women to carry the co-operative idea to their communities.

Throughout the phases of his career he has continued to turn out a veritable sea of literature on the subjects with which he is concerned. Only forty-six years old now, he has something like sixty books to his credit. When interviewed a short time ago, he spoke of several articles he had been asked to write, of a serial that was then running in the co-operative magazine, of another he had promised to write for the magazine *YuBen*, and of his book, *Moral Statistics of Japan*, then being brought out by his publishers.

IV

Following his career one is forced to double back repeatedly. For the pages of the story of his life are so packed with incredible labors, with equally incredible accomplishments that one misses points that must be taken up.

It was during his labor-organization days that one event took place that showed Kagawa's growing importance in Japan. He had been thrown into jail with several other labor leaders following the race riots in 1919. While there, he finished a book he was then working on. And, while there, another book of his went from the publishers to the bookstalls. So great was the demand for the book that on the day of its release queues of purchasers formed before the bookstores in Tokyo, eager to buy it.

They do not throw Kagawa into jail any more. The militarists who have brought pressure to bear upon all those who fight and work for peace during the past few years do not touch Kagawa. They do not dare. For they know that if they did there would be a popular uprising.

And Kagawa makes no attempt to soften his words or hide the nature of his philosophy, which is that of universal peace and brotherhood. He is outspoken in his arraignment of those who would plunge the nation into another war. But he is Kagawa, the one to whom the great masses of the common people look with veneration and adoration.

In fact the government is glad to turn to him when it gets stuck on a social problem. It called upon him to organize the social work in the city of Tokyo. He was offered a salary of nine thousand dollars and the use of an automobile. Kagawa took the job but refused the salary and the car. He spent ten days each month at the City Hall and accomplished a complete reorganization of the Bureau of Social Welfare.

It was Kagawa who was responsible for the passage of a bill that appropriated twenty million yen for slum clearance and the erection of sanitary dwellings in five of Japan's largest cities.

It was Kagawa who personally led relief work following the earthquake of a few years ago.

But it is consumer co-operation to which he pins his faith now. In his own words, "I am pouring my prayers and the reddest blood of my life into the work of carrying forward this quiet, undramatic economic reform."

V

One of the most important phases of his work is the forming of medical co-operatives. Uncounted thousands of poor people have long been without any medical attention. The Japanese slums, in the villages as well as in the cities, have been cut off, by too-large fees, from the medical aid they so sorely need. Kagawa is pushing the formation of medical co-operatives and the setting-up of co-operative hospitals with astounding success. This phase of the movement is sweeping Japan.

He has turned to the poor fishermen who form a large part of Japan's population. He is showing them how to organize to get for themselves better boats, better equipment, and better prices for their products.

Kagawa is launching plans to remake the whole of Japanese economy. He is fostering a movement for the planting of nut-bearing trees on the slopes where no other crops will grow. And these slopes represent a large percentage of the total acreage of the islands. He is showing the people how to use acorns that formerly were left to rot on the ground in some sections, how to mix the ground nuts with a percentage of grains to make poultry feed.

On Musashin Plain about ten miles out of Tokyo is a little farm that someone has described as being in essence a "one-acre evangelism" project. Here, on a farm one acre in size, Kagawa has placed a young Christian, a

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graduate of the Imperial Agricultural School. The one-acre farm has become a model of what can be done on such a small plot. More important, it is the center of a growing co-operative community. A child from each home in the community brings to the farm four eggs a day. In a year's time it is expected to have a fund of two thousand yen with which to start a credit union for buying fertilizer, seeds, and other necessities to improve farming in the community. Plans have been laid for the opening of a consumers' co-operative store as soon as enough capital shall have been accumulated for a start.

All over Japan the same movements are under way. They are going forward with gathering speed because of the energy given to them by the remarkable man who has brought to these humble people the hope of a new day, a day that can be ushered in through their own efforts. And the vitalizing part of the whole thing is its dynamic heart of practical theology.

The center of each one of these transforming villages is the gospel school, a practical school of Christian brotherhood in action. It teaches each group what it needs to know, whether it be beekeeping, fish culture, goat keeping, or handicrafts. But with the teaching goes the philosophy: "This is Christianity. In this manner does the teaching of Christ show you how to build a better life. For the teachings of Christ are brotherhood, co-operation, love — the brotherhood love and socialized love that will save all men and all society."

VI

THIS is the story that has been coming out of Japan during the past few years. It is the story of a movement started by the man who in the world today is standing head and shoulders above his fellows. His greatness comes perhaps from his selflessness and courage. For, with all the royalties that come from his books, regardless of the fact that he has built up a magazine that today has a paid-up circulation of a million, Toyohiko Kagawa is a poor man as the world counts riches. He lives in the simplest, most humble fashion. The modest home that he occupies outside Tokyo has become something in the nature of a shrine. For to it and through it there flows a continual stream of visitors, suppliants, rich and poor, askers and givers, seeking their leader.

In the midst of this household that grows as the work grows is Mrs. Kagawa, Kagawa San's right hand. This is the living center of the tremendous work that has spread throughout the Empire. And the house itself is worth perhaps a few hundred dollars. The worth of that household not only to Japan but to the whole world cannot be computed in terms of money. For to many thousands of religious leaders all over the world who acknowledge Kagawa's greatness, this little house is the house on the crossroads of the world.

Religious leaders have sent to this house for a message from Kagawa to Western Christians. To everyone he returns the same answer: "Form co-operatives and reach out to meet co-operatively your brothers in all lands." That is his message. It epitomizes his lifework, that amazing lifework that has already packed into each one of its phases the lifework of the average leader.

Throughout the Western states of America, where consumers' co-operation is growing with tremendous speed, Kagawa's name is one to conjure with. The tremendous swing of the Protestant churches to this movement of economic Christianity can be partly attributed to Toyohiko Kagawa. For it was he who gave the phase its real and dramatic meaning.

Kagawa's Kingdom of God movement has reached the West. It has been translated there into terms of action. The results obtained by Kagawa in the almost impossible conditions of the Japanese slums have been something of a revelation to these American leaders who have sought for an economy that would square with the deep and significant teachings of Christianity and democracy.

Kagawa comes to America this year in response to a growing demand. He is being brought over by the Rauschenbush Foundation. But the calls for his appearance are already multitudinous.

The churches have heard his message. They wish to hear it from his own lips. They want to hear him voice it, even though they already know what that message will be: "Form Co-operatives. Help to bring in the Kingdom of God through economic action."

This is the message of Kagawa, the apostle of brotherhood and Christianity in the affairs of men.

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The People's Business

The Truth About Taxes

by **ROBERT H. JACKSON**

MR. EDWARD E. LOOMIS, who wrote on "Taxes and Labor" in the December FORUM, dislikes taxes — apparently all taxes. Emotionally, I am in sympathy with him. From childhood we hear about death and taxes as the twin evils all must face. Nearly all revolutions have been contributed to by a hatred of taxation.

Mr. Loomis especially dislikes wasted tax money. Every straight-thinking person will agree with that view. No government — federal, state, or municipal — functions without some waste. In times of extreme pressure to meet emergencies, government, like private business, experiences greater costs and greater wastes. Private business too has waste, has unreasonable salaries and extravagant bonuses and useless relatives on payrolls. These also cost the public, the consumer, and the stockholder heavily. But so far in this country indignation is directed against only governmental waste.

However, after I have sympathized with his emotional opposition to taxes and his plausible generalities about economy, I am brought face to face with the realities by Mr. Loomis' statement (the italics are mine):

> While we must expect private business to pay its *fair share* toward the support of all *proper* governmental activities, still, in the interest of sound and lasting prosperity, we cannot afford anywhere to suffocate established business with taxes for the support of projects which mean little more than a *political distribution of public funds.*

This statement brings us exactly to the point that every tax discussion reaches. Argument as to taxation always becomes one of the propriety of the purpose and then of fair distribution of the burden. To these problems Mr. Loomis makes only a very indefinite contribution. His specific grievance is the railroad burden, and here he seems to have a sound case — but one of such long standing that it is not a case against this administration, as it has been apparent for some years that the tax load of the railroads was out of proportion to their revenues.

II

THE CHALLENGING note in Mr. Loomis' article, couched in generalities, is in its undertone of big-business psychology. Its attitude is that the only people who are money-wise are big businessmen, that only government is extravagant, that taxes should never increase, and that all tax money is wasted. Mr. Loomis, to support his condemnation of the government, compares the federal outgo of 1935 with the outgo for the first 124 years of the nation's existence. Is it fair to compare the cost of a frontier government in log-cabin days with the cost of government under conditions of 1935? Is it fair to throw into a comparison the cost of administering a nation of 48 states with the cost of administering one of 13 colonies or a government of 120,000,000 people with the government of a few million?

Unless Mr. Loomis is different from the average man, his own expenditures — even for the depression year, 1935 — would have kept his grandfather in pocket money for a lifetime, and, unless his is different from most families, his children have an idea of expenditure that will make his own look conservative.

These advancing costs of individual existence are caused by a progressing standard of living. Increasing taxes result from a collective standard of living that has increased at least as rapidly as our individual standard of living.

Moreover, the government has been driven to a very large part of this increasing expenditure by demands of business. The most significant change in living conditions of this country is due to motorizing the nation's transportation. Three principal elements contributed to

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this fundamental advance — the building and improvement of motorcars, providing them with fuel and lubricants, and the building of highways on which they could operate. Without the last, only a very limited and in some sections only a seasonal use of the motorcar would have been possible.

Private enterprise very properly and naturally took over the construction of the motorcars, in which there was and is good profit. Private enterprise very properly and naturally expanded the oil industry to provide fuel and lubricants, in which also there was and is good profit. Upon government — local, state, and federal — was thrust the task of building highways and then of widening them and also the burdens of maintenance, snowplowing, and patrolling. In these there can be no profit. The government's share was entirely expense. Motorizing the country created a vast debt for state, municipality, and nation, while every dollar of profit from the improvement has been absorbed by private industry. The expansion of the motor industry was possible only because of an accompanying expansion of governmental "bureaucratic" activity in road building, and many industries besides the motor industry profited thereby. But the government entered the depression under a heavy debt incurred, in large part, in providing the facilities for travel which made the sale of automobiles a possibility.

And yet, under date of July 11, 1935, in urging the stockholders of General Motors to oppose the President's proposal of a graduated tax on corporate incomes, Mr. Alfred P. Sloan, Jr. voiced the attitude so frequently found in men of business, saying:

> Government does not create wealth — it dissipates wealth.

Why is it dissipation of wealth to build a highway between two cities and creation of wealth to build an automobile? Quite likely the expression was used by Mr. Sloan without due consideration. The more thoughtless its use, the more significant, as revealing the background attitude of business toward government. It is not directed against any one political party, but it is not fair to any party that assumes the responsibilities of government.

The railroads, now complaining bitterly of this governmental help to the trucking industry, in early days were beneficiaries of generous public bounty with which they drove the stagecoach out of business. Great transcontinental railroads were aided by vast grants of public domain. In many places in the East they were given direct financial grants raised by bond issues of the localities. The first telegraph line was built with an appropriation of $30,000 made by Congress in 1843. Many of our industries such as shipping and now air transport, have had the aid of government subsidies. Services demanded by business from government are innumerable and range from such services as coast guard, lighthouse, and harbor improvements to regulation of railroads demanded by the shippers.

Mr. Loomis, in enumerating the taxes which he dislikes, significantly omits to mention the scheme of taxation which has taken unknown sums out of the consuming public, not for the support of government but for the avowed purpose of increasing the return to certain private industries. Yes, I mean the tariff. As industry has adjusted itself to established tariff levels, I would not advocate sudden abandonment of those levels. But the same group cannot at one time urge that it is proper to use the power of taxation to protect the owners of "infant" industries from loss of earnings and improper to use the taxing power to protect the workers in the "infant" industry from loss of earnings through unemployment and ill health. Such groups cannot be right in both positions.

III

It is difficult from Mr. Loomis' article to learn just what he objects to in the program of the present administration. He repeats the claim that the President's tax program is a "soak-the-rich" program. He adds to it the unique philosophy that it does not soak the rich at all but that these taxes are really paid by the "common man." Therefore, he urges the "common man" to have a grievance against the Administration. One wonders why the rich were so disturbed about these taxes if it is the "common man" who pays them.

Few persons realize the extent to which the depression caused a shift in the burden of taxation. Tax collections in 1930 were governed by the Revenue Act of 1928, enacted under a Republican administration, which has never been

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accused of trying to penalize the rich. In that year, income, estate, and gift taxes contributed to the national treasury 68.2 per cent of its total internal-revenue and customs receipts, while miscellaneous taxes and customs, which bear most heavily upon the consumer, contributed only 31.8 per cent. By 1933 this ratio had been changed so that only 41.7 per cent of such revenues were from income, estate, and gift taxes, while 58.3 per cent of such federal receipts came from consumer taxes.

The difference was this: Those who are in the income-tax classes, which constitute the more affluent element of the population, largely decreased their income-tax payments. Some had reduced incomes and some took advantage of ways, more or less lawful, to reduce their reported taxable incomes. In either case, they were not contributing to the cost of carrying the government through the depression in so large a ratio as they contributed when there was no depression. That class of taxpayers was allowed partially to postpone making its contribution to the cost of the depression until such time as it had income. The taxes that bear upon the consumer, however, were collected throughout the depression. Consumer taxes indirectly bear much more heavily, in proportion to ability to pay, upon the poorer classes. The man who smoked cigarettes or bought taxed articles of any kind was not permitted to postpone his contribution to the depression; but, on the contrary, his contribution was actually increased as a result of the Revenue Act of 1932. The consumer taxes were increased. Taxes upon incomes automatically decreased. The few glimpses which the public has had at the income-tax affairs of the very rich do not indicate that it was they who got "soaked" when they made out their returns.

Mr. Loomis does not clearly distinguish between activities of the government which he considers proper and those which he condemns. The specific measure of which he is critical is the social-security legislation, and he complains generally of the government's being in business.

In England, where prudence is the better part of conservatism, the Conservative Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin, at Leeds recently summarized English experience in social security as follows:

> We have in this country and have had for a number of years a system of social service — unemployment insurance, health insurance, old-age pensions, widows' pensions, and so forth — which is the envy or the admiration of the rest of the whole world. It is very costly and can be maintained so long as the general condition of the country is satisfactory and there is the necessary ability to bear those burdens. Its advantages are admitted on all sides, and we are all of us proud of the way in which we have been able to build up that system as we now have it.

Social security, like relief work, is indeed costly. But who can tell the cost of not doing it?

Eliminating human feeling from the argument and putting it in terms of property, we are probably agreed that it is not prudent to let men go hungry or unclad or unsheltered. Therefore, we must take account of the means by which men in their unproductive years may obtain food, raiment, and housing. There is only one answer — to be self-sustaining, each man must earn a lifetime of support during his working years. The fewer the working years, the more each must produce above outgo to provide for old age. In agriculture, useful life is long; one almost never ceases to be able to do "chores" and light work, to be "worth his salt." But industry has become so deadly competitive that it can use only one's best years, and, after 45 years of age, one becomes more and more an industrial untouchable. Those long later years must be provided for. It must be done by wages or taxes. You cannot hold down both ends of the seesaw.

An orthodox method of providing savings for age would be to pay wages substantially above cost of living during the productive years. But many workers do not have the will to save. If one were given wages enough to provide surplus for old age, business would send out a horde of high-pressure salesmen to make him and his wife want things they might not need, to overcome his "sales resistance" and get him signed up on an installment contract.

But, if a man of unusual will power does save, how shall he make his savings safe? In the bank where his employer was a director? How many did this and found that the "closed" sign on the factory soon meant a "closed" sign on the bank? Or should he buy stocks or bonds of leading enterprises sold by leading businessmen?

Social-security plans are partly the outgrowth of the insecurity with which our business methods have threatened savings.

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Mr. Loomis is fearful lest the social-security law "discourage initiative and the habit of thrift," and he commends the "effective system of individual effort as the best means of promoting national progress."

Of the objections which might be urged to the social-security legislation, this is the least meritorious. Does it encourage one's habits of thrift to have his savings swept away by an illness that he cannot avoid? Is one encouraged to develop initiative and self-denial by having his home foreclosed upon when he has lost his job through no fault of this own? In America the worst blow that was ever struck at thrift and individual initiative was the depression, which swept away lifetime savings in banks, in homes, and in securities. The President's effort to protect savings through deposit insurance, home loans, and enforced honesty among security dealers is a distinct encouragement of initiative and thrift. A man must undergo some self-denial in order to save. To convince him it is worth while, his savings must be secure against fraud, against bank failure, and against the assaults of unemployment and ill health.

Those who talk rugged individualism seem always to be those who live softly themselves. These same persons who advocate life in the raw, to make people sturdy, take none of the rugged individualism to themselves. They are terrified at the suggestion of inheritance taxes, the effect of which at the worst would be to give their own sons a chance to be rugged individualists.

IV

THE COMPLAINT about the government's being in business is strange doctrine in the mouths of most of those who utter it. I wish it were possible for the government to stay out of business, but business in March, 1933, dumped its prostrate self and all its problems upon the incoming administration. The only unimpaired credit was that of the government — political credit was good after business credit was gone. To that source all turned, and it did not fail them.

As of August 23, 1935, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation had made 6,304 disbursements on account of preferred stock and capital debentures to banks. The government having restored banks' impaired capital, the bankers now demand that it get out of business. Had the banks been able to handle their problems themselves, the government would never have been in this branch of business. In addition, railroads, insurance companies, and many industrial concerns resumed operations through government aid.

By August 22, 1935, the Home Owners' Loan Corporation had closed 904,795 loans involving advances of $2,732,312,342. A large amount of this money went to municipalities to pay arrears of taxes. A great deal of it went to banks to relieve them of frozen mortgage loans. All of it went to protect families in the enjoyment of their own firesides, which were threatened by causes in which they had no part. Isn't it fair that Mr. Loomis should stand up and say whether he is for or against this sort of thing?

The last suggestion of Mr. Loomis is challenging. He says he will use the ballot to put different men on guard, from which I gather that he will vote the Republican ticket.

I don't think Mr. Loomis knows yet what its platform will be or what type of candidate it will choose. Every measure of the present administration that he opposes has received many Republican Congressional votes. Will he support a candidate who has voted for New Deal measures or will he weed them out of his party?

By the way, what was the policy of the last Republican administration in dealing with the depression problems? Did anyone ever find out? Did any measure ever have the support of more than a fraction of that party? Did the last Republican president have support from a working majority of his own party in Congress? Has the Republican party gained, out of power, the cohesion which it lacked, in power? Is it now a party united on any major issue before the country?

Its old leaders who were turned out for lack of a coherent policy now come back and say, "There has come to us, out of office, wisdom we did not have while in. We can reveal it only after election. But if you only knew what our secrets are you would want us back."

I believe in a strong party of opposition and believe that an unwieldy majority for any governing party is a blow to its prudence. But a party which has failed pathetically in every function of opposition cannot be prepared to

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assume the responsibility of governing under a coherent and clear alternative program.

Mr. Loomis says, "What everyone desires is a return to normal conditions." How reminiscent of the yearning for "normalcy" which was made manifest in the election of the late Warren G. Harding!

Another Republican business leader, Edward F. Hutton, has expressed the same yearning, which he proposes to implement by rougher tactics. He advised the utility men, "So I say, let's gang up." They responded with wholesale defiance of the government.

I wonder if this slogan does express the real methods and purposes of the opposition to Mr. Roosevelt, if it is the true measure of their sportsmanship and devotion to the democratic principle of majority rule, and if free government in America does not face the Fascist cry "*Let's gang up!*"

Decoration by Stow Wengenroth

New Deal—550 B. C.

by DAVID P. PAGE

LAO-TSE. The government which seems most unwise often brings the greatest good to the people; that which is meddling, touching everything, will work but ill and bring disappointment.

CONFUCIUS. Virtue alone is not sufficient for the exercise of government; laws alone cannot carry themselves into practice.

If you govern the people by laws and keep them in order by penalties, they will avoid the penalties yet lose their sense of shame.

LAO-TSE. The people are difficult to govern because of the excessive agency of their superiors in governing them.

CONFUCIUS. There is government, when the prince is prince, and the minister is minister; when the father is father, and the son is son.

The decline and fall of a state may arise from one man; the glory and tranquility of a state may arise from the goodness of one man.

Government requires sufficient food, sufficient forces, and the confidence of the people. If one must be given up, forgo the forces. If another, forgo the food; for from of old death has been the lot of all men, but a people without faith cannot stand.

Utilize first and foremost your subordinate officers; overlook their minor errors, and promote those who are worthy and capable.

Be in advance of them, show them how to work.

There must be a religious attention to business and good faith, economy in expenditure, and love of the people; and their employment on public works at the proper seasons.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: — *References, in the order quoted are:*
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Spud and Cochise

A Short Story

***by* OLIVER LAFARGE**

Too much light — too much heat, too much sand and rock, but above all too much light — made the desert intolerable, the brilliance striking everything to whiteness. Not the dead white of a painted board, but shades and variations, yellowish in a pale way over some of the sand, in other places greenish, rocks that might turn out purple if the sun could be clouded, mesas that might have red in their sides. The faint tones were mineral, acid, weak but still harsh. What vegetation straggled there, cactus and yucca and little enough of it, was also pale and ineffectual. In the still air, the strawberry roan's hooves stirred up a powdery dust-haze at each step; the fine stuff rose, covering legs and flanks and mane until the animal turned a uniform pinkish gray; it settled on Spud's spurs, his boots, his rifle and scabbard, his threadbare blue jeans, his pistol, his cotton shirt, the yellow-silk scarf at his throat, his straggly mustache, his leather face and battered, wide hat. Spud was a small, pepper-and-salt man anyhow; now he looked like a flour sack with nothing in it.

He was too dry to smoke or sing, too disciplined to let his mind run on things to drink. He made himself easy in the saddle, forebore to count the miles remaining between himself and Spareribs, and observed the Mil Huesos desert, which he already knew too well. It took some thought to follow the trail. In many sandy stretches there was no sign of it; where the footing turned to a kind of cosmic cinders or where it went over rock, there was a thin ribbon of different texture which to Spud proclaimed the road. Alongside it he saw a scattering of dried dung in one place. That's the nearest thing to company I've had in three days, he thought. He watched it slide by him as the roan maintained his fast, monotonous walk. He lifted his hat an inch to cool his head, shifted his revolver to a better position — it was one of the new Colts with a ten-inch barrel — and settled even more slackly in the saddle.

A long, low, white ridge with greenish shading on its upper part ran out to a point a short distance ahead of him. That was where he would hit the main trail. He looked at the ridge, then over to the western mountains, a pile of stone skeletons on the horizon, blue but promising no shade or coolness, then back to the earth nearby. He passed the skeleton of a horse. I'll bet you was a godsend to the ants in this district, he thought.

I wisht I was well out of this, he told himself. I'm old, I made up my mind to it, and here I am again. In his saddlebags were two strange, flat, blue bottles, two quarts of Four Eye Monogahela, the whisky so good that even barkeeps can't keep away from it. In all his life before he'd never seen more than a pint of it at one time and that very seldom. Now that he had so much, its presence depressed him. It was a sign there were big doings ahead.

Not that he needed a sign. Snakeweed was back. Snakeweed had returned to the Southwest, he was inhabiting Spareribs, and Spud had an old boast to make good on and on top of that a promise to a lady. He had made his war talk to her when she gave him the Four Eye; it had jumped out of him before he thought of it. I'm Spud Flynn, I'm a half-breed Irish on my father's side, and I come of a line of kings. So now he had to push himself back into the ways of his youth and he had made his mind up to peace.

The little rocks and changes of kinds of sand slid by, dropped behind. A man needs a hatbrim under his chin, he thought; the heat comin' up is as bad as the heat hittin' down. Saves shavin'; all my whiskers is sizzled.

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Drawings by Edward C. Caswell

And I'm through with gettin' drunk and usin' power. Hell, the ageless men is all gone. Pa allus said so. Flynn or no Flynn, I'm an old man, past fifty. And now I'm in for it. Snakeweed. Wall, it's worth it if he could be took away. He shore spoils the climate where he's at.

II

THE SUN CONTINUED its travel at right angles to Spud's course, swung low and diminished in force. A clump of green, showing black in its contrast, rose beyond a gray butte. Rounding the butte, Spud opened a view of a low, long hill, leading to higher hills which sought the mountains, bare and rocky reflectors of desolation, with a flat in the foreground, at one edge of which eight cottonwoods grew. Around them, craving the sight of their leaves, a handful of adobe houses and shacks of gray, dust-scoured boards had been slung, with a periphery of haphazard corrals. This was Spareribs, a place where you stopped on your way to somewhere else. But here, at least, was rest for man and beast, food cooked and dishes washed by someone else, a corral to find your horse in the morning. He rolled a cigarette as he drew near the settlement. He had the Four Eye, too. That had a particular use, he knew, but he hadn't figured it out yet. There was a special place where it would come in; it might be for the purpose of alleviating Spareribs. He hoped so.

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The sun was almost set when he turned in at the Rafter Lazy J corral. The owner came out, said "Hello, Spud," and gave him the key to the hay room. Spud unsaddled, pulled out some hay, gave the roan a nose bag full of oats, and then washed at the trough. The air changed quickly to a soft warmth as the sun went down. He drenched his face and neck with water, letting it run down his chest and back, soaking his shirt. The dust-coated feeling went away, the stickiness of sweat, the sense of being covered with paint which had blistered. He dried his face on his handkerchief, dusted his boots, put on a fairly new red-silk scarf and his second gun, which he had been carrying in his saddlebag. As he straightened up, he put his heels down hard to try the ring of his spurs and right away thought, hell, ain't I growed past that? He squatted, his spurs just touching his backside, to watch the roan eat.

You have to be there to take the *morral* off when the horse is through. Ancient routine enforces a daily pause when you just set, after the sun has gone, and your skin breathes again. He was washed; his legs were losing their saddle stiffness; in a little while he would step into a place where other people would give him food and drink. Take some Four Eye — no, this wasn't its time. But right now was good. He blew smoke four ways, admiring his horse, the sloping quarters and strong bones, the blended meeting of neck and chest, listening to the animal chomp at his grain. Snakeweed had to be thought about, but he could not be allowed to spoil this pause.

He went lazily down the dusty, half-formed street to the Gold Mine Saloon and Eating Parlor and turned in there. A long, pine bar reached the length of the room, with a moderate equipment of bottles and two big, imperfect mirrors behind it. Along the other side of the place half a dozen bare tables were ranged. At the far end, a gambler dealt against himself at a faro layout. He was dressed in the usual black, with a diamond in his tie and another on his left hand, but rusty and shabby; you could size up the town from him. The barkeep looked like a barkeep; they almost always do. Spud stepped up. Here you could have whatever you wanted, gin, two kinds of whisky, tequila, maybe even beer.

Spud said, "Howdy."

"Howdy, stranger. What's your pleasure?"

"My pleasure's far from here." Spud jerked his head towards a bottle. "I'll take a shot of redeye, please."

The barkeep set out bottle and glass. "Help yourself."

"Can I get fed here?"

"We got steak and beans."

"I'll take steak. And another thumb o' nose paint."

"Help yourself."

The barkeep shouted through a door. Pretty soon a Chinaman came out and laid the table. Spud ambled over. Four kinds of sauce in bottles — long ago, this must have been a good eating house. The Chinaman brought brownish coffee, hot bread, a little bowl of canned peas, another of greengages. After a long wait, he brought the steak, a T-bone, thick, sizzling, odorous. Spud felt his insides drawn towards it.

"Get me another shot of bugjuice, please."

"All light."

He ate steadily, without haste, cleaning up everything in its turn. Two X Circle X cowboys came in, then three Mexicans, drifting to the bar. By and by they went over to the faro layout. Spud could tell they were making ten-cent bets.

III

Spud looked around as a man came in. It was not that the man made a disturbance, but as he entered you had to know it. Spud sighed. Here's Snakeweed; now things are goin' to commence. He finished his greengages and walked to the bar.

"Hello, Snakeweed."

"Spud Flynn! Why, howdy, Spud."

"How about a little tanglefoot?"

"That's what I came after."

"Barkeep, a couple o' fingers o' ruin."

The barkeep set them out. They poured, raised their glasses.

"How!"

"How!"

They drank.

Snakeweed said, "Hell, that stuff's so much milk. Doctor, give us some Tiger Bone."

Tiger Bone is a Chinese drink, distilled from tigers. It is all but black, and dreadful. It is the backwards of Four Eye Monongahela. I knew it, Spud thought, I knew it. I'm in for it now.

The barkeep unearthed the long, strange bottle from the cupboard. He set the glasses

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out first and poured into them, not wanting a drop to fall on his hands and burn him. Snakeweed struck a match and lit his drink. Raising the flaming jigger, he said, "How."

Spud groaned internally. He lit his drink and answered. Snakeweed blew out as he drank, but Spud had almost forgotten, and he was worried about having his mustache burnt off, so he drew inward and gulped, thus getting the full benefit of it. He coughed, spat, and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. Snakeweed just spat, without manners.

"That does it," the big man said.

Spud nodded. His pulse picked up, he felt the warmth, his perceptions became clearer. He saw that Snakeweed was just a mite upset that he had been able to take the drink. He's the least little bit afraid of me, Spud thought.

"I was hopin' to see you, Snakeweed," he said.

"Well, here I be. It's a pleasure to see you, Spud."

"I was fixin' to talk to you about a little matter."

"This is the best place in the world for it. Let her rip."

"Well, it's about a lady called Elvira Hartshorn."

"Elviry? Nice girl. She's a good cook, Spud. I'm fixin' to marry her."

"Seem so she ain't fixin' to marry you."

"Maybe not right now, but she's a-goin' to

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and pronto." Snakeweed paused and eyed Spud. "You know me. I'm Snakeweed; that's what they call me, and they better like it."

Spud nodded again. That was Snakeweed's war talk, that last statement. He'd made his own, back there with Miss Hartshorn — Spud Flynn, come of a race o' kings. The Tiger Bone was burning in his vitals.

"I don't want for Miss Hartshorn to marry out of her own free choice," he said. "It don't seem right."

"Them's shore nice sentiments, Spud. But my marryin' ain't something I'm takin' anybody else's advice on."

"Maybe you're goin' to get it all the same." Spud's hands moved a fraction of an inch.

Snakeweed raised a hairy paw. "Don't think of it, Spud. Don't let it pass through your mind. You know I'd only have to plug you to keep up my self-respect. They ain't but one bullet will kill me, and I got it." He patted his cartridge belt, where the green point of the malachite bullet stuck downwards among the lead ones. "Hashki Nez made it to kill me with, and I took it from him. I took him by his two hands and pulled him apart like a boiled fowl. That's me, Snakeweed."

Spud nodded. "Well, I guess that's that. Barkeep, two more o' the same."

Spud's willingness to come back on the liquor cramped Snakeweed's complacency slightly, but he was still satisfied. Spud was thinking fast. He didn't kill me then — why not? Four Eye won't fill him with human kindness, no more than Tiger Bone would make me mean. I might could get him drunk plain and take the bullet.

Spud surveyed the man. He was hollow; they claimed he had a clockwork heart. You'd have to fill him up from the bottom. The top of his head and his eyes were small, but to get to them — each foot would take a full quart, a barrel for each leg and two for his stomach, one for his proper insides and one for what hung out over his belt. Then you'd have to fill up his chest and his arms and finally his face. No, it couldn't be done, not by any one man. He didn't drink to get tight but because his insides itched and the liquor was scratchy. Spud looked at the face, the span-wide, almost lipless mouth and single, wiry hairs sticking out a couple of inches all over. Before they got onto him, the Navajos admired Snakeweed because his mouth was full of corn. His middle two teeth were black, the next each way red, then yellow and blue, like Indian maize. They thought it was wonderful.

Spud drank his drink and sighed. "Well, I come a long ways. Guess I'll be turnin' in."

"Sorry to lose your company. It's a pleasure to drink with you."

"Tomorrow maybe. Seems like I'm kind o' tired."

"Growin' old, Spud?"

"I reckon. So long."

"So long."

IV

SPUD HAD HALF an idea to go over and lose some real money at faro; he'd dealt faro, he knew how that man felt; but he decided not to bother with it now. He stepped out into the soft, blue night, full of the smell seeping through from the bit of irrigated land beyond the cottonwoods. He felt at ease. He felt happier than he had since he sat on top of Polvadera Peak, two years ago, and decided that he was fifty and from now on he was through with trouble. Not since then had his sinews moved as smoothly, his joints been as springy, as they were now. At the corral, his horse rose with a surging effort and whickered for more hay. Spud threw some out to him and reflectively prepared for bed.

He laid out his blanket and slicker and, reclining on them, his head against the saddle, looked at the stars and rolled a smoke. His hand fumbled towards his war bags, touched the bottles. Not yet. He lit up and began thinking. I ain't but jest started, but it looks like I got to get me some help. Snakeweed ain't immortal, no more'n me. He's Snakeweed, and I can like it, can I? There ain't room for the two of us in the Southwest, nor nowheres; if him and me fetch up in hell together, we're shore goin' to worry the devil. Now let's see. . . .

He ran his mind back along his memory, like a man loping his horse along a back trail, watching for something he let fall. Through years of days he traveled back, watching the sun and moon and darkness, horizons and water holes and alkali flats of his time. Finally he stopped at an image of himself

(*Continued on page 60*)

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Chinese Men and Boys

Three Lithographs

by THOMAS HANDFORTH

The Grandfather

Mr. Handforth selects his subjects from the lower classes, the strays and wanderers of China's teeming people. Of the lithograph above, he says: "The young Chinese male is always the spoiled pet of the grandfather, whether he is the son of the rich or, as in this instance, of a poor peasant family of a fishing village." At the top of the opposite page, two young boys are giving a street performance. The one on the left is dressed as a woman, with short stilts to simulate bound feet. Below, a wrestler struts before his admiring manager and teammate.

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Strolling Players

The Exhibitionist

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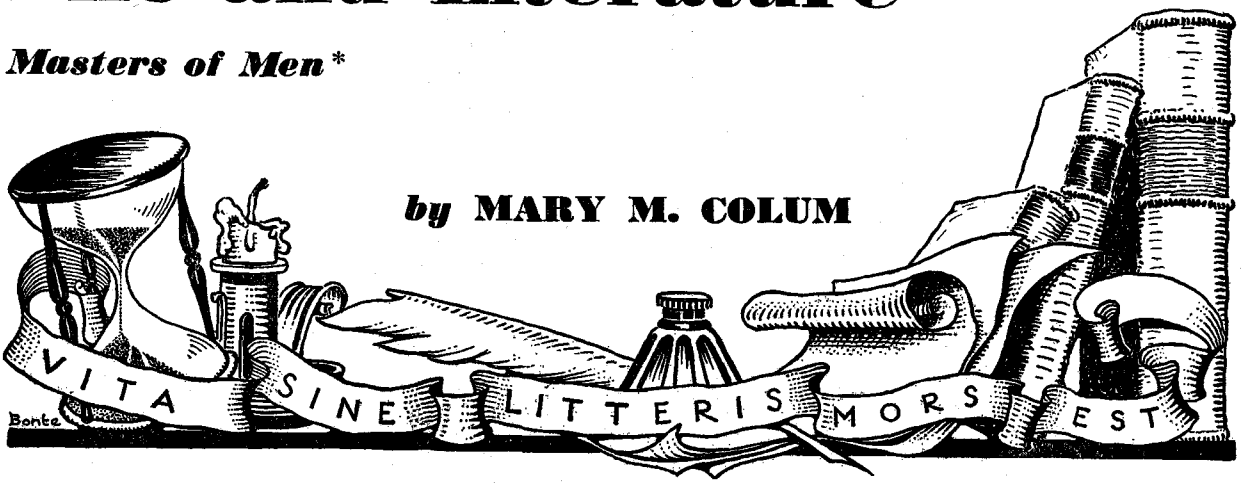
Life and Literature

*Masters of Men**



by **MARY M. COLUM**

"I'M DAMNED SORRY," said Byron when he heard the news of Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo. Multitudes of people, of all lands and classes, less well-known than Byron delivered themselves of the same sentiment. It will be echoed by many who read these memoirs by General de Coulaincourt, Duke of Vincenza, Napoleon's Ambassador Extraordinary to the Czar and his constant companion during the disastrous Russian campaign of 1812, for the Napoleon revealed in this book is not only a great general with a passion for that for which he had most talent — war — but a man of wisdom, a marvelous human being with a richness and depth, which accounts for the fact that he was beloved by his soldiers and explains why he exercises fascination not only by his genius but by his character.

What benefit, one might ask historians, did Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo give to Europe or the world? What would have accrued from a complete domination of Europe by Napoleon?

The Bonapartists — and they are still very numerous on the Continent of Europe — will answer: There would have come into being a United States of Europe or a federated Europe west of Russia; there would not have been this modern growth of virulent political nationalism, of virulent national jealousies, of wars of rival empires; there would not have been this trade in colonial empire by a gang of rival predatory imperialists; though the cultural interests of each European state might be national, the political interests would have to be European.

In his last conversations in Saint Helena, when the Emperor summed up his aims, they all amounted to this: he waged war to create a federated Europe. Was that what he was really aiming at doing, and was the project too vast for him?

These questions cannot be answered easily. The motives of a man of such dimensions as Napoleon are too complex for easy unravelment by himself or others: there is a mixture of personal ambition with an intuitive sense of what was for the eventual good of the people, a mixture of the headlongness of a passionate personality with one of the calmest good sense — the sound administrator, the psychologist of men as individuals and in the mass. But one is led to feel that almost anything that accrued from his domination would have been better than what resulted from his defeat: the mess that Europe finds herself in today through the development of nationalist ambitions.

THE PROPAGANDISTS AND THE DEAD CITY

SOME SUBTLE INTELLECT among his enemies, maybe among those who were the most powerful and persistent of his enemies, the English, understood that the diligent spreading of nationalist propaganda would be one of the forces that would bring about his defeat. The notion was effective: it caused serious difficulties and defections within his Grand Army of many nationalities — French, Prussian, Saxon, Dutch, Belgian, Polish, Italian. In the end, the nationalist idea and the nationalist ambition

* EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The recent books referred to here include* With Napoleon in Russia, *by General de Coulaincourt, edited by George Libaire (Morrow, $2.50)*; Sawdust Caesar, *by George Seldes (Harper, $3.00)*; Stalin, *by Henry Barbusse, translated by Vyvyan Holland (Macmillan, $3.50)*; Handbook of Marxism, *edited by Emile Burns (International Publications, $1.75)*; *the* Autobiography *of Sigmund Freud (Norton, $2.00)*.

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were the most powerful of the forces that made for his overthrow. Napoleon came a little too late in history to master this imponderable force, as he came too early for any general comprehension of his idea of a federated Europe.

The account of the ominous Russian campaign in *With Napoleon in Russia* has about it an air of greatness and vastness; it deals with great spirits, great ideas, great aspirations; the world was then, one hundred and twenty-three years ago, still a wide place, not narrowed by railways, steamships, or airplanes. In the last war, troops could be brought to any front in a period varying from an hour to a few days. But Napoleon's march into Russia took months and months, even though at what was then an enormous speed, by men on foot or on horseback. The horses died by thousands from cold and hunger; the men died by tens of thousands on the way home.

The strangeness of the campaign makes it resemble those primeval conflicts that men have dreamed of between men and angels, between gods and demons. The Russians could not be tempted to give battle; they retreated and retreated, drawing Napoleon and his army on and on, until he finally entered a dead city, Moscow, from which all the inhabitants had vanished. He had dreamed of dictating peace terms from this place, but there were left in it only a few miserable wretches and a small horde of incendiaries engaged in setting fire to their ancient and sacred city. It was one of the most terrible ways of defeating a great conqueror that history can show us. Memorably as this campaign is described by Tolstoy in *War and Peace*, it is far below what must have been the actuality, for Tolstoy refused to recognize the dimensions of the men and forces engaged. Dante or Shakespeare would have been able to show us something of the actuality, but Dantes and Shakespeares are as rare or even rarer than Napoleons.

High Character of Napoleon's Entourage

HERE WAS a man of colossal genius, truly, as the jacket of this book says, "one of the greatest men of all time," of far-flung imagination, with the strange energy that is a quality of genius of any kind, with a vision into the future — a man who believed that he was fighting for an "immortal cause." He had men around him who believed in him and his cause; later, in Saint Helena, when he had leisure to look into his own motives, he could say, "We are martyrs to an immortal cause." Now what were they like, the men who surrounded him?

Coulaincourt tells us:

> The detractors of this great epoch may say what they like, never was sovereign surrounded by more capable men — men who were honest before all else . . . in spite of the varying shades of character and habits of each. . . . The Emperor was sure to find a sterling and even disagreeable truth rather than mere flattery.

How did it come that he had men of such quality at his call? Partly it was due to his own character, to

> his impartiality, the staunchness of his confidence which kept the spirit of intrigue at arm's length. . . . His well-known dislike of any change gave everyone a sense of security.

One need not say that this book throws a new light upon Napoleon. But the reader is brought to close quarters to him by a man who, with all his devotion, was honest-minded and critical, who, moreover, coming to him straight from Russia, had a fresh view of him with a sensible estimate of the difficulties in the way of a conquest of the Czar's empire. We have Napoleon here as seen by this honest and experienced man and not as he is commonly presented in the history books, all plastered round with the sort of propaganda that was in our time launched against Kaiser Wilhelm and which can best be seen in a sentence from H. G. Wells:

> The figure he [Napoleon] makes in history is one of almost incredible self-conceit, of vanity, greed, and a grandiose aping of Caesar, Alexander, and Charlemagne, which would be purely comic if it were not caked over with human blood.

To write about any dictator, even those of our own day, with such nonsensical prejudice and personal-mindedness as this sentence carries with it shows a naïveté that should have no place in history.

The world has need of some clear-minded historian who can penetrate the phenomena of history which call for dictators and the phenomena in dictators, the qualities, which can make the masses follow them as they never followed anointed kings or elected presidents. It does not advance us one bit to be told that Hitler is a madman, Mussolini a bloodstained villain, Stalin a cross between a robot and a

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Botticelli angel; nor are half-baked psychoanalyzings by amateur psychologists in the least enlightening.

The fact is that at least half the civilized world is at present governed by dictators or near dictators. To be told that we, the governed, are suffering from an infantile father complex, the desire for a protecting parent, doesn't in the least profit us. If it is true that the whole human race is and always has been afflicted with this father complex, why not accept the fact as part of our humanity and have done with it?

Childish Portraits of Dictators

Still, no number of complexes is sufficient to make us accept this distorted portrait of a man who happens to have governed Italy for thirteen years or this *Backfisch* portrait of Stalin. The first, George Seldes' *Sawdust Caesar*, is naïve in its detestation; Barbusse's *Stalin* is naïve in its adoration.

Surely even in time of war some other presentation of a powerful personage like Mussolini was due to a print-ridden world than this picture of the cloven-hoofed villain of popular legend — the villain of the village gossips. The reader can pretty well forecast what he is going to hear in *Sawdust Caesar*. There is a suitable array of those ladies who claim to have figured in the past and youthful life of all prominent men. There is a damsel who carried around in her arms a black-eyed child "unmistakably a Mussolini" and known as Benito Junior. There is a personage named Angelica Balabanoff whom George Seldes informs us occupied

> the unique position of comrade, associate, fellow worker with Lenin and Mussolini.

This lady has very kindly written out with her own hand, for George Seldes, an account of her meeting with Mussolini more than thirty years ago, in a small socialist meeting room in Lausanne. The room was filled with workingmen and women all very poor but washed and clean.

> But in the corner sat a man in filth; his face was unwashed, his clothes had been slept in.

You will have guessed, reader, that this figure was the future dictator of Italy.

> Dor Balabanoff went to the unhappy vagabond and took his hand.

Naturally he hung down his head and said tragically,

> "I am condemned to remain a wretched vagabond all my life."

The reader will now guess that this lady rescued him from filth and ignorance and undertook his education.

> For ten years she taught Mussolini the doctrines of Karl Marx.

Why it took ten years for him to assimilate Marxism and why he could not have read *Das Kapital* himself, unaided, is left a mystery.

All the scenes in the life of the typical villain are made to pass before us in *Sawdust Caesar* — the delinquent adolescent, the wild-eyed atheist, the seducer, the jailbird, the betrayer, the murderer, the tyrant. As we read we long for illustrations in the manner of the comic strip, like those of the late Sidney Smith or the creator of Orphan Annie — Sawdust Caesar defies God, Sawdust Caesar humbles the King, Sawdust Caesar bullies the Pope, Sawdust Caesar betrays trustful women. A good loud hiss is certainly due at the end of this production of George Seldes against the crawling and white-livered scoundrel who is the center of it all. Of the Mussolini who has ruled Italy for so many years and who has undeniably accomplished marvels in administration and construction there is not a line. Of the administrator who has enthusiastic admirers among different classes of intelligences in many countries there is not one lineament.

Russia's Man of Steel

No doubt there will be found among the Marxists some who will have a word of praise for Henri Barbusse's *Stalin*, for that the author was a sincere communist will be weighed as sufficient reason to have his book praised. But if it is strange that an able journalist like George Seldes should write such a simple-minded work as *Sawdust Caesar* it is even stranger that the author of *Le Feu* should have produced this book.

The figure he presents is that of a robot, a party machine, and that the actual Stalin is no such thing is very evident from some quotations that are given from the dictator's letters. Very adroit, very clever indeed, are these letters written to the then dictator, Lenin — very adroit in their undermining of Trotzky,

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in their flattery of Lenin. If the reader will turn to page 137 and peruse the letter that Stalin wrote in March, 1921, about Lenin's plan for the electrification of Russia, he will get a very illuminating sidelight on the character of Stalin and his enmity to Trotzky.

Trotzky may be the rancorous and vain man described in this book, or he may be the brilliant, creative, and self-sacrificing intelligence described by his own followers, but you have only to look at the two pictured faces, his and Stalin's, to perceive that Trotzky could never have a chance in the world against the possessor of that powerful, resourceful, unswerving, cunning face. But not a revelation of the character behind that tremendous countenance comes through in this book; it is all words, words — a eulogy that at times becomes almost satire, and it is not only a eulogy of Stalin but of his adherents, including that sinister personage, the head of the Ogpu, Menjinski. If the page in which Barbusse describes his discourse with this personage were removed from the context, one would really regard it as satirical. The head of the Ogpu, explains how unjust, how absurd, in fact, it is to tax communism with indifference to human life, since

> its ultimate aim is to bring everyone in the world together and work for universal peace.

And, as for the treatment of prisoners,

> communists start from the double principle that transgressors of the common law are people who do not understand their own interests and are ruining their own lives and that the best thing to do is to impress this upon them.

This is exactly what the Grand Inquisitor mournfully said to the heretics he was condemning or Cromwell said to the anti-Puritans; this is what Mussolini said to the anti-Fascists, what Hitler is saying to the anti-Nazis — the heads of these organizations seem of necessity to be convinced that everyone who does not adhere to them is a heretic and for his own good he has to be liquidated. Formulas and objects change, but the human mind and its workings remain as always.

Heresy — the Unforgivable Sin

The revelation of Lenin that comes out of Barbusse's *Stalin* is that of a man inflexible in defending the gospel he had received from Marx against all heretics and unbelievers. He had a determination to suppress heresy at all costs in a manner that reminds one of the protagonists in the early Christian controversies: he split the Communist Party in Russia in the interest of Marxian orthodoxy and he warred upon the Mensheviks as he warred upon the bourgeoisie.

But let us not delude ourselves: this is the type of man, this has always been the type who wins causes — this thoroughgoing dogmatist, endowed with high executive ability and a genius for leadership. Marx and Engels wrote the *Communist Manifesto*, but Lenin implemented it. He was but seventeen when his family received the news of the hanging of his brother for conspiracy, yet this youth perceived at once that the vague revolutionary program of the terrorists would lead only to failure, and so he adopted the hard-and-fast program of Karl Marx and in his miserable exile in many countries he worked out the application of the program.

The Gospel of the New Dispensation

In Barbusse's book there is a portrait of Stalin seated in his office in the Kremlin. On the wall behind him there is a single picture: it represents the patriarchally bearded face of the author of *Das Kapital*, the coauthor of the *Communist Manifesto*. The gospel of Marx and his collaborator, Engels, is now the basis of a society which includes something like one sixth of the inhabitants of the globe. What are the doctrines of this gospel. For the first time in English we have them all together in one volume, the *Handbook of Marxism*, extremely well-edited by Emile Burns. We have the doctrine not only as stated by Marx and Engels but as interpreted by Lenin and Stalin. The whole of *Das Kapital*, a long and rather tedious book is not given here, but we have all the important chapters, the salient portions, the keys to the whole doctrine.

The *Handbook* opens with the *Communist Manifesto* of 1848, which was originally written for the members of the League of the Just, a secret revolutionary society with branches in many countries. We have become in our time so accustomed to the idiom, the vocabulary of Marx and Engels and to references to the two major doctrines, the theory of surplus value and the materialist conception of history, that the *Communist Manifesto* reads like a pro-

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duction of our time. When we think of the historians and publicists — Macaulay, for instance — who were influential in the days of its composition and contrast their complacency, their limited outlook, their incapacity to initiate ideas with the philosophical conception, the knowledge of social trends, the prophetic outlook of the *Manifesto*, we realize that Marx and Engels were men of genius, no matter how violently we may disagree with their interpretation of history and their insistence upon class struggle.

Lopsided Men

The industry, the scholarship evidenced in *Das Kapital* are tremendous, and that is what impresses us, not only about Marx and Engels but about Lenin and other outstanding figures of this social revolution. There was nothing half-baked about their knowledge of their own material and the methods applicable to dealing with it: they thoroughly knew their job. Marx stands out from the others by his power of divination, of which I will give one example here. In *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte* he says that revolutionists

> conjure up spirits of the past to their service and borrow from them names, battle slogans, and costumes in order to present the new scene of world history in this time-honored disguise and this borrowed language.

He notes that in the French Revolution the costumes and language assumed were Roman, that in the Cromwellian revolution

> the speech passions and illusions were borrowed from the Old Testament,

that Luther

> donned the mask of the Apostle Paul.

But the proletarian revolution, he asserts, will be void of such effects and will have nothing to do with world historical recollections.

> It cannot draw its poetry from the past but only from the future. It cannot make a beginning until it has stripped off all superstition of the past.

This is precisely what happened in the revolution due to the teachings of Karl Marx. The Russian Revolution was devoid of poetry, of nobly imaginative and dramatic effects; it was raw, it was unsubtle, with the rawness, the unsubtlety inseparable from leaders who took no great stock of the mind's life or the spirit's longings, who with all their talk of culture never knew what it was. Read, for instance, Stalin's program for culture in the *Handbook of Marxism* and then ask yourself if anything more poverty-stricken was ever offered to any people civilized or savage.

These are lopsided men, great men, be it admitted, who have shaken the century, but lopsided in that they do not realize that you can give men everything in the world to live on but that if you do not give them enough to live for they will in the end arise in a revolt in comparison with which the proletarian and all other revolutions will seem Lilliputian. If you choose to ignore what Marx calls historical recollections and the poetry of the past, you are going to handicap yourself too heavily in trying to understand the nature of man. All the dictators of these totalitarian states, whether Fascist, Nazi, or proletarian, have too limited and biased a view of what constitute the vital needs of humanity, no matter what may be their ability for understanding materials and tensions and social trends.

It is a long time in history since hatred and malice have had such a foothold in the world as they have had for the last twenty years, and for some of this certainly Marxism is responsible. Few men of the nineteenth century, perhaps none, have equaled Marx in influence, but he put into his work an amount of hatred, resentment, and suspicion that makes it difficult for a society based on his philosophy to be high-minded and generous. But at the same time we must not allow ourselves to be blinded to the fact that the successful implementing of Marx's ideas in one country in our time is bound to modify the course of events in all the others.

The Unconscious Forces

Freud, whose *Autobiography* is now published again with some revision, has sometimes been compared with Marx, for they resemble each other in their mental ruthlessness, in their conviction of the power of unconscious forces, in their determinism and their materialism. The truth is a wide field, and even the greatest minds can discover only their own little bits of it, dig their own little trenches, or erect their own little mounds. Freud, like Marx, has discovered his own moiety; and a knowledge of what both have discovered or evolved or unearthed is so necessary to an understanding of the contemporary scene that I do not

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hesitate to recommend the thoughtful observer of our age to possess himself of both the *Handbook of Marxism* and of Freud's *Autobiography*, while at the same time keeping all his critical faculties on the *qui vive* while reading one or the other.

Freud's *Autobiography* throws the clearest, the most easily followed light on modern discoveries in psychology, on modern additions to what knowledge we have of that unknown creature, man. This results from the fact that he is a born writer, that his words, his statements are alive, for he knows what to omit and what to emphasize. He can cram the most significant information into the fewest number of sentences without, at the same time, any of his pages being too tightly knit for the ordinary intelligent reader to follow.

Freud of course was not the first to investigate the subconscious, but he was the pupil of one of the first outstanding investigators, Charcot, of the Salpêtrière, and he lived step by step through all the subsequent discoveries — some of the most notable, like the theory of repressions, being made by himself.

For a long time here in America psychoanalysis was regarded as merely a therapeutic method, and people's interest in it was chiefly in the process of being psychoanalyzed. Now that it has taken its place not so much as a method but as the science of unconscious mental processes, we can see its real value and the manner in which it is changing our whole view of personality. One may have but the scantest interest in the process of being psychoanalyzed or even regard it as of very dubious value and yet realize that the science itself has enabled the most ordinary men, the very policemen on the streets, to have a grasp of human motives and of human psychology that was impossible thirty years ago.

Freud to be sure is not given to devoting much space or giving much credit to the work of other psychologists in the same field, and as one who has followed the courses of Pierre Janet, who was Freud's fellow pupil under Charcot, I am inclined to an impatience at the manner in which he attacks a man so distinguished and so modest as Janet and one who has made so few claims on recognition and publicity and who has yet made so many valuable discoveries that are seldom associated with his name. But after all it is true that the tools belong most to the one who can use them, and Freud in his ability to use the tools is the master of them all.

On the Equal Rights of Children

I come with words a revolutionary
Could not improve for what they will indict.
I say just this: "All children have the right
To equal homes and hope and joy to carry
Into the years." I think you cannot vary
A hair's breadth from that truth, and win your fight,
I think you will be bounded by the night
Until you speed that truth — where now you tarry.

For it were well to ponder these are given
All innocent and helpless, and they are
Young hostages from Fortune and from Heaven.
I speak. If it be treason, make the most. . . .
But throw no gauntlet at your lucky star,
Deal not too harshly with the holy ghost.

Margery Mansfield

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The Right to Die—II

Dinner in Thessaly

by **SHERWOOD ANDERSON**

"Not life but the good life." Didn't Socrates say something like that? It seems to me moral nonsense to go on, in old age, in pain, in uselessness to others . . . to say nothing of self.

I have always wondered about this whole notion. "Why . . . if you take your own life you won't go to Heaven."

But it's this Heaven that I must wonder about. What monstrous egotism . . . that I, who have lived as I have, so often cruel and brutal to others, selfish, self-centered, only occasionally losing self, becoming impersonal, only at rare, rare moments doing any work that means anything to others —

The thought that this life of mine should be perpetuated, go on forever.

By what terrible mischance does it deserve that?

There is this woman, whose death by her own hands I take it inspired this discussion. It was, to my sensing, so nice, so clean — what she did, and her reasons given — so sensible. It happens that I once met her, sat dining near her, heard her talk. She was one of the living people I have met, full of intense life, energy, of works.

I have, you see, to make this personal, thinking of my own life, grown old, perhaps terribly diseased, thinking of myself become a burden on others.

Do you remember Socrates, condemned by the state to die? I remember that his friends came to him. A way of escape could be found. He could flee to Thessaly. There would be friends and admirers in that distant place.

But Socrates had lived in Athens in the day of the glory of Athens. At least it must have seemed so to him. What! . . . to flee all that, friends, comrades, the good talk, the wine of that life, for a few more years in the distant place . . . surrounded perhaps by a few disciples? There was probably a Ladies' Literary Club out there.

What! for a dinner in Thessaly? Bring on the hemlock.

What! for an assurance of this Heaven no man has ever been able to describe satisfactorily, even to imagine satisfactorily.

I have nothing but respect for the woman Charlotte Gilman. My hat is off to her. I wish I also could be assured of the same sort of clean departure, of the courage and sanity for it.

For to me it seems quite clear that all of this clinging to life, giving it so often this vast overestimate . . . granting always disease . . . perhaps some quite incurable and loathsome disease . . . let the gods explain the existence of such evil in the world . . . I'll not attempt it . . . the gods' business for the gods . . . my business under such circumstances for myself.

Friends who perhaps have loved me, to have this load put on them . . . coming into my sickroom, myself lying there, old and helpless — the stink of that place, the low misery, the mind losing its clean clearness. . . .

"Oh my friends, dear ones . . . with whom I have walked, talked, made love, seen days and nights. . . .

"To do this to you. . . ."

II

I think, I must think, that it is past all words moral nonsense to say that I must go on, under such circumstances, bringing that much more evil into other lives.

For to me disease is evil, old age, decrepitude, with incurable disease the final evil.

Springs coming, walks in the forest, love, comradeship . . . these all gone.

Who took these from me?

Thanks be to those, scientists or others, who

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have invented or discovered these poisons — perhaps for an almost quiet exit, the door somewhat softly opened.

An end to my being a nuisance to others. Do I want them all to rejoice when I at last die . . . that sort of rejoicing?

Decoration by Stow Wengenroth

The Face of Death

Over the rock the small vine grows;
Its leaves are like a beetle's stair
Frosted above with silver hair.
From leaf to leaf the webbing goes.
A rope with fire along its length
Suspends the spider's casual strength.
In yellow furs, in furry hat
This unexpected acrobat
Swings awry,
Takes a nap.
A shimmering fly
Invades the trap.
Bright are the silver leaves, and bright
The spider swinging in that light,
The green-mailed fly, its wings of wire,
The web like a thin wheel of fire,
The moment slighter than a breath,
The little laughing face of death.

Audrey Wurdemann

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Making Democracy Work

by **FRED I. KENT**

THE REASONING of both Lord Cecil and Mr. Bellows in their articles upon democracy* is quite sound in the large, general way. Neither, however, seems to reach into the crux of the situation. Men are selected to maintain government principally to provide a means to hold within bounds activities of other men that may carry injustice. The seemingly inherent characteristics of mankind that require control through government for the protection of the people also lie within those who may be selected or accepted to carry on government. One problem of humanity that has never been solved is to find an effective means to provide the same character of control over men in government that such men are authorized or empowered to exercise to control those outside government.

The general low average of education and understanding on the part of peoples, together with their marked unwillingness to do their part at all times toward the maintenance of a sound democratic government, opens the way for the demagogue to ride into power through false promise and for organized minorities striving for special privileges to create political pressure in their favor. There are many organized minorities of high intent whose activities help to broaden understanding, but they do not have the force of those organized groups whose purpose is to create special privilege, as true education methods cannot carry the aggressiveness, the bigotry, or the intolerance that mark the methods of those minorities that are organized especially to obtain power or money or aid for the dishonest politician. The legislator under an elective system, therefore, becomes the prey of such bodies, and that is why democracies have destroyed themselves throughout history.

Analysis leads to the belief that a permanent organized majority entirely outside of government, whose purpose is to further the interests of the people and whose power is dependent upon the exercise of a high average of sound judgment, can provide the missing link that will protect the people in a democracy from themselves and allow for the flexibility that must have a part in every human development. Such an organized majority must have a working head with a certain amount of executive power that people generally recognize is representative in some way of their interests. It must be so constituted that the demagogue cannot effectively cry, "Special privilege!" when it makes its recommendations to government and that it cannot successfully be overcome by organized minorities of unsound purpose.

Such an organized majority can probably be created only if it is based upon something common to all the people and necessary to all mankind. The production, transportation, and distribution of commodities that are required to enable men to exist and the carrying on of the processes essential to such developments that provide men with the consumer's power necessary to orderly living would seem to furnish the only base upon which an effective organized majority can be built.

II

A NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL BOARD so constituted that its members between them would represent, directly or indirectly, every worker, every stockholder, and everyone dependent in some way upon industry for his livelihood could be so developed as to meet this need.

Such a Board, with all competitive as well as all co-ordinating industries represented, could reach its decisions on the basis only of the greatest good for all of the people. It would have to be a permanent body in order to be effective, and its members would have to be

*EDITOR'S NOTE: — *"Will Democracy Survive?" a debate between Lord William Cecil and Henry Adams Bellows, in the October* FORUM.

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separated entirely from all other duties in order that they might pass upon the problems presented to them as a Supreme Court of Industry.

The duties of the Board in part might be outlined as follows:

It should create a research department that would keep it currently informed of all developing conditions in industry, such as the employment of men, wages, production, inventories, etc.; and through such information it would be in a position to warn any industry or industries when any change was taking place that might be harmful to the stockholders, to labor, or to the community at large.

After research and study it might make recommendations in the nature of industrial planning that would be effective in guiding production and stimulating sound developments, a function that is absolutely impossible for government to carry on successfully, because destructive political forces are certain to intervene.

It could advise committees of Congress upon all legislation under discussion that would affect industry and on a nonpartisan, common-good basis.

It could also be most helpful to the committees of Congress, to industry, and to the people of the country in the preparation of reports and the making of recommendations on all matters having to do with government regulation of industry, including those forms of regulation that are already in force.

The industries could bring to such a Board all complaints that might arise between them as to competitive methods, under agreement to accept the Board as an arbiter, knowing that there were men upon it who represented both sides of the controversy as well as those who were neutral.

And, finally, all problems concerning industrial progress, trade difficulties, and possible protection against depressions would naturally come before such a Board for solution.

It is not conceivable that man can continue to live in a democracy unless there is some such force outside of government which is as permanent and constant as government itself, which can effectively check the tendency of those in government to give in to political forces, and which can act to protect men in government office when they do ignore unwise political dictation.

In the United States we have three branches of government — the executive and administrative, the legislative, and the judicial, each with its own powers clearly differentiated from the others. It is conceivable that such a government, with an organized majority outside of government in a position to measure constantly the effects of the acts of government on those things upon which men must depend for their very living, could survive on a basis of increasing efficiency, through intelligently meeting the changing needs of the people that are inevitable as time goes on.

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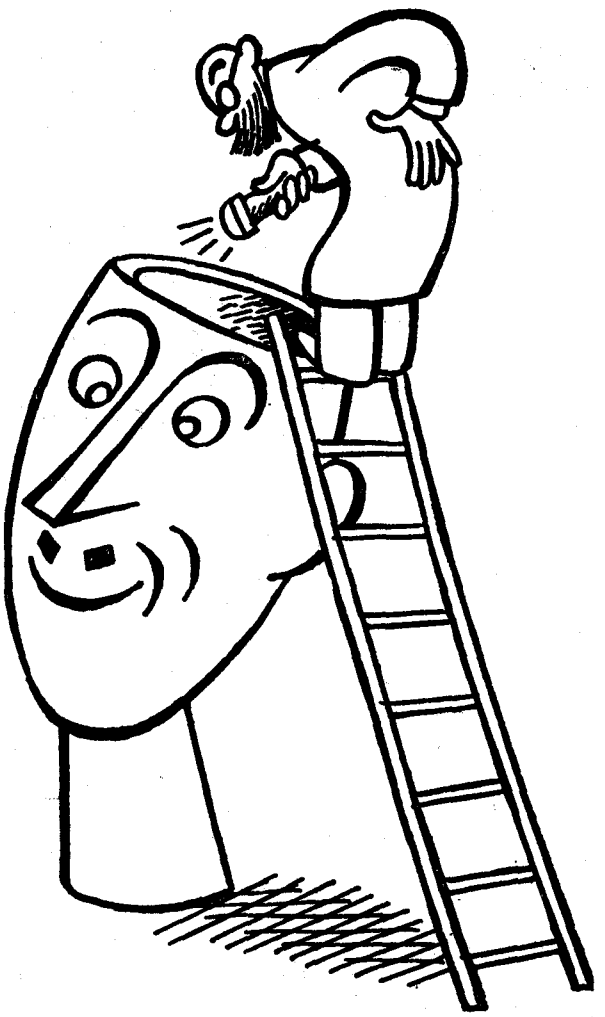
Are Americans Neurotic?

by **ALFRED ADLER**



WHAT IS a neurotic person? It would not be easy for a layman to say more than that he is irritable, not manageable. If we should accept such a definition, then nearly the whole world — and in an equal degree all nations — might be called neurotic, especially if it is remembered that certain strange fears, entirely outside the realm of common sense, are listed among the symptoms of neurotic persons. This would not change my belief that so-called neurotic persons are distributed pretty evenly all over the world. A Japanese visitor, when asked what he believed the most common characteristic of the white peoples, answered: "Fear." But fear is probably the common scourge of all the races of the earth.

From the viewpoint of a layman it is practically impossible to answer the question, "Are Americans more neurotic than other nationalities?" And even the use of scientific definitions, differing according to the many different schools of psychology and psychiatry, do not make the task any easier. Experienced observers comparing Europe and the United States in this respect would disagree in the measure that their diagnoses of a neurosis differed. Repressed wishes, the fight between the so-called unconscious and the conscious, disturbed conditioned reflexes, suggestibility, deficiencies of the endocrine glands, whatever is accepted as a definition would not enable us to answer the question posed above. In fact we have not yet found a satisfactory definition of a neurosis.

The number of patients registered in clinics, in sanitariums, or in private practice is not a reliable clue. The understanding of psychic factors exerting neurotic symptoms is perhaps greater in the United States than in any other part of the world — greater among both laymen and physicians. The neurotic American is more inclined to look for psychiatric help, either from qualified sources or from quacks, than his European brother. Even in hard times the American patient and his doctor generally manage to reach an agreement for lower compensation or for no compensation at all.

The number of patients could not be cited as a proof of difference in various countries. Even counting neurotic children in schools — perhaps more evident than all other enumerations — is dangerous because it depends so largely upon the attitude and conception of the teacher. Inquiry among teachers has shown that actually there is only a small number of children — bashful, self-conscious, irritable, hypersensitive — who could rightly be termed

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nervous. Of course this does not mean that others may not develop symptoms of nervousness later on or that all the children listed actually fall within that category.

The Neurotic Person

Here I must attempt to explain what a neurosis really is and the circumstances that are apt to cause it.

The outbreak of a neurosis, expressed by seemingly perplexing fears, phobias, compulsion ideas, melancholia, schizophrenia, and similar symptoms, invariably results from a situation which the individual in question finds intolerable. This is the experience of Individual Psychology, which is also able to show that nothing in the training of the afflicted individual had prepared him to cope with this particular situation. His lack of preparation is characterized by a lack of social interest, an absence of courage and concentration, and a complete inability to co-operate with others. Having built up during his childhood what I have termed the pampered attitude toward life (and this does not always mean that the individual has actually been pampered), he has grown to expect only easy tasks, to depend on others to find favorable solutions of his problems — or on favorable circumstances. A distinct lack of activity — a mental and physical laziness — is always characteristic of the neurotic person.

When he encounters a difficult problem involving his social life, his work, or his affections he suffers from an intense emotional shock. If left to his own resources he feels lost, as though dying. These emotions disturb the delicate balances of mind and body, and instead of boldly meeting his problems he withdraws more and more into himself in an effort to escape reality. This gives him temporary relief, for which, however, he pays the dire costs.

This discussion is important because it gives us a firm foundation on which to base our inquiry of whether in the United States there is more than the average number of individuals who adopt a neurotic attitude toward their problems. There is only one way of finding out, and that is by studying the educational tradition of the majority of the people and how the children react to life.

We cannot be very precise about the latter but we can assume that children are very much influenced by the general traditions and habits of thought of their elders.

The Land of Efficiency

All visitors to this country are impressed by her extraordinary efficiency — "American efficiency." Her citizens have built up the richest and strongest country in the world and are still building it up more and more, forced to do so by the demands of a rapidly growing population. These demands cannot fail to give the people of the country a very deep impression of the importance of efficiency. As a natural outcome of this efficiency we find extraordinary achievements in the fields of science and invention, striking endeavors in architecture and art, the finest laboratories in the world, the greatest industrial development, the highest level of agriculture, the widest scope of sports.

Compared to other countries the United States should have the smallest number of neurotic cases, because her efficiency has created better opportunities for useful activity among her citizens. We could expect a greater number of active failures but a smaller number of more passive ones. Reasoning along these lines we may also conclude that there are more active failures to be found in the United States than in many other countries.

The lack of social interest in different countries cannot be measured exactly. My impression is that there is not less social interest in the United States than in other countries, perhaps a little more.

The greater efficiency of this country may be accounted for by the fact that among the immigrants to the United States have been the cream of active adventurous individuals — settlers, pioneers, people for whom the homeland had grown too narrow, too limited. So the tradition of efficiency became a sort of ideal in the United States and in itself a protection against any increase in neuroses.

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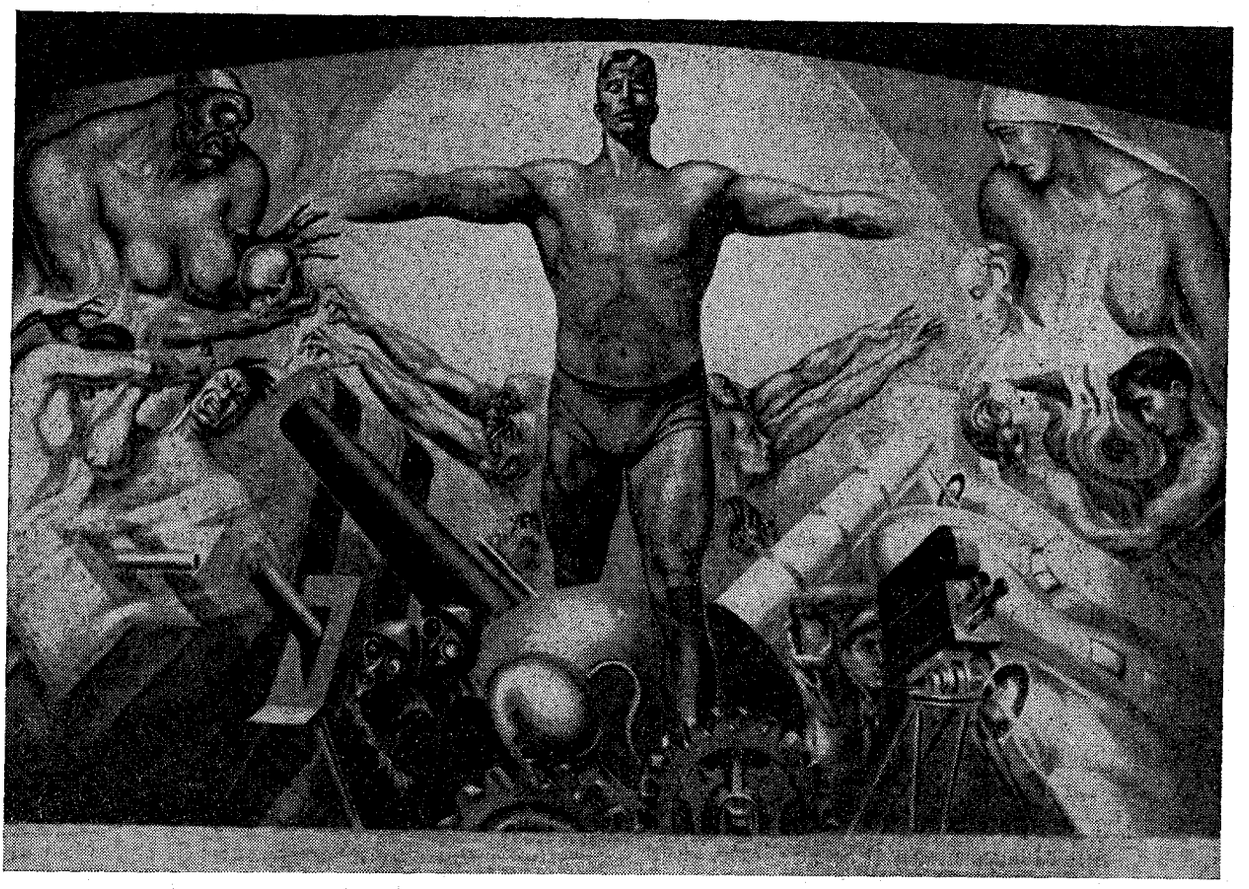
Disturbing? Destructive? Immoral?



What Do You Think?

AFTER TWO YEARS of work, partly under the PWA and partly at his own expense, this mural was completed by Leo Katz as one of a series for the lobby of the Frank Wiggins Trade School in Los Angeles. But the Los Angeles Board of Education ordered the panel removed on the grounds that it is "too ghastly for a school" and "too disturbing" for the impressionable minds of the pupils — whose ages range, for the most part, from twenty to sixty. Do you think these charges are justified?

The panel's central figure represents the youth of the present generation, healthy and strong, yet blind. He stumbles through space torn by the forces of destruction on one side and constructive forces on the other. To the left is seen Greed, holding a skull from which drop golden coins, while below appear the horrible instruments of organized and unorganized warfare. Opposite is a figure of maternal compassion and understanding, sheltering two young lovers under her arm. Below are instruments of peace and progress, the telescope and the motion-picture camera.

In Los Angeles, the Board of Education is practically alone in its condemnation of Katz's mural. Dr. Katz refused the Board's request that he modify it, and the panel has been removed, its future in doubt, since the Board refuses to reveal its whereabouts. Arthur Millier, art critic of the *Los Angeles Times*, writes of the controversy:

> Had Leo Katz sugar-coated his figures depicting greed, war, and murder, had he wrapped them up in the pallid, faraway beauty which Eugene Savage bestowed upon his mural panels now in the Friday Morning Club, there would have been no fuss. Had he painted the gloomy, overblown propaganda picture, beloved by communists, showing the "wrongs" of the "suffering workers" in a "decayed capitalistic state," the picture should have been removed. He did neither. He gave powerful, visual form to the most urgent problem facing our time — the uses of the tools invented by intelligence. The tools are now so powerful and varied that their potentialities for good or evil are incalculable. Driven by the baser passions they may wipe civilization out. As servants of love and the new creative urge they should lift it to new heights. That is the problem present generations have to solve, and Mr. Katz has given it a noble and sincere statement. . . .

Do you side with the artist or the Board of Education?

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The Land of Heart's Desire

by **DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER**

Beyond Milan the Lombard plain glowed opulent under a maternal Italian sun. We skirted an enchanted lake where shimmering islands beckoned the weary traveler to warm, delicious, effortless daydreams. A group of roughly dressed, craggy-faced Swiss workingmen in our third-class compartment, returning from hiring themselves out in the Italian harvest fields, looked apathetically at all this relaxed golden softness. Then twenty minutes in darkness under the Simplon pass. Out again into a sparse, rough country, under an aloof, impersonal gray sky. And all the Switzers leaped to their feet, their eyes shining, and crowded to the windows. Stretching out welcoming arms towards dark slate roofs and frowning rocky slopes, "Brig!" they cried tenderly, "Ah, Brig!" and beat each other on the back in the joy of their return to God's country.

That was many years ago. Since then I have made that journey and others like it several times in both directions and very often indeed I have thought about it and all it suggests. In some traditional moods (especially after reading a good deal of romantic-school poetry) the remembered emotion of those craggy-faced mountaineers seems only a jealous parochialism. More often it rings an answering bell deep in my heart.

Not that I have any particular yearning for the actual town of Brig. I spent a couple of hours there once waiting for a railroad connection, and, though I found it mildly interesting, once was enough, and never of my free will am I likely to repeat the visit. But Brig as a symbol: North or South? Winter or summer? Climbing on hobnailed shoes or sun-bathing on the beach? Emerson's outlook on life or Swinburne's? Which will you choose? . . . Yes, that I can understand.

Even if it did not touch my own sympathies rather closely, I should still feel a lively professional interest in the fierce partisanship which that question never fails to rouse in the most humdrum, most blasé breasts. People are most themselves when they are taking sides. They like to take sides, always rallying at the barricades to attack or defend the driest, most abstract propositions. The point of issue doesn't matter if only they can get excited about it, and almost anyone can and does get excited . . . not to mention shouting, getting red in the face, thumping the table, when it is a question of defining the boundaries of "God's country."

Of course there isn't any right or wrong to such preferences. They are wholly irrational, armor-plated against opposing argument, tending to harden after forty, at least, into crystalline prejudices. That is what makes them so fascinating. That is why a novelist spends so much time going up and down the world, like a botanist with his herbarium, collecting specimens of human fanaticism and packing them away for future study and classification. They are the great revealers of character.

Compared to them a reasoned opinion is a wishy-washy thing. By definition it weathercocks around whenever a new set of facts starts

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blowing. Not so a seasoned prejudice. Times may change, empires crumble, psychological theories may — in fact they often do — jump from Pole to Pole in explaining the springs of opinion and conduct. What of it? The storm may howl, but our stout old prejudices, reaching down to the deep bedrock of the tribal subconscious, stand foursquare, unshaken.

Did I say prejudices reveal character? For all intents and purposes they *are* character. Without prejudices fiction would be as colorless as textbooks on logic.

The Madding Crowd

An odd trade, the novelist's, with this constant probing below decent face values, with — oddest trick of all — the capacity for objective study of one's own very subjective self, when no other victim is at hand. I turn one part of my brain like a searchlight on the rest of me and note down what I think and feel on this question of where the true and authentic Garden Spot of the Universe is located. My higher centers I find are quite as I would have them, filled with the fine old eighteenth-century ideal of being a citizen of the world, a nonpropagandist wanderer, savoring the special quality of each night's resting place, never finding fault because things aren't different from the way they are, always ready to live and let live. But underneath this philosophic calm I am shocked to discover a hot, bubbling lava spring of perfectly absurd indignation at the people who try to persuade me that a full life can be lived only in a big, modern city. I can hardly force myself to answer their flimsy arguments.

Music and the theater always at hand? Yes, those are fine enriching things if you can have them on any sane terms. But can you? The best you can do is to buy your tickets for the Beethoven series and hope that three or four weeks later you won't have a cold or a headache or for some uncontrollable reason be utterly out of mood with the program.

As for the vaunted stimulation of daily contact with fellow craftsmen, everybody knows that writers worth their salt are quite sensibly hidden away, bent over their desks, or, if occasionally dragged out into public, are lost among voluble literary tea and cocktail drinkers who prefer talking about art to the extremely hard work of trying to produce it.

And the thrill of being close to great affairs? Look at the subway crowds. Do they in any way appear to partake of world decisions? . . . except as their eyes, searching for their favorite department-store news or sport column, are held for a moment by the screaming over-

statement of a front-page headline, which is being read at the same moment by people they would call "hicks" and "hillbillies" in every crossroad store in the country.

And the noise! The shrieking, broken-toothed gear wheels grinding out "civilization"! The jostling sidewalk mobs! The sheeplike submission to the commercial racket which herds everybody into smart, uncomfortable clothes and pinching shoes! The tip-hungry, appraising eyes of bellboys! The terrific jams, with a thousand exhaust pipes belching carbon monoxide! Not for me! Even a world citizen has to make some reservations. I know what I am writing about. I used to live in such a place but I escaped and I never go back except with a tightly clutched return ticket to Arlington, Vermont.

Quite as positive, though less ferocious, is my distaste for the yearly exodus to the south. Oh, of course it may be necessary for the sick, one of the many frustrations their battered constitutions force them to endure. But how any well person can leave the North Country just as it begins to be at its best! And for what? To enjoy a second summer! As if summer is not unquestionably the least interesting season of the four, with its lush, unvaried green, its blowsy fertility; with its myriad bugs; with its enervating warmth, turning vigorous men and women into beach lizards too lazy even to flop into the tepid water!

My Own, My Native Land

But enough of negation; what of the positive side? There I am relieved to find my-

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self quite amiably tolerant. I have been happy in so many places that it seems almost as if one part of the world (outside cities and southern winter resorts) is just about as good as another. No, that's not quite honest. I honestly can't understand how anyone can be satisfied with a flat country or one without grass and clear-running brooks. Mountains in my humble opinion are essential to real felicity. Snow mountains — if you insist on perfection — with spruce forests, and on the lower slopes green pastures and big, white cows with tinkling bells.

I know a path that climbs and climbs for hours, and at the end you are on the Col de Balme, staring at the indescribable glory of the Mont Blanc Massif. And another on which you plod up and up between the huts of kindly, unshaven, half-savage goatherds, until suddenly you look over into the green paradise of Saint Saveur, with its rock wall rising to the Brèche de Roland. Again, beyond Grotli you come to a black lake cold with perpetual ice and think of Beowulf and Grendel; then further on, the road zigzags dizzily down to the emerald Nord Fiord. Switzerland, the Pyrenees, Norway! Yes, I admit it is good to travel and see the world, if you have luck enough to go to cold, rough, rocky, mountainous regions.

But it is also good to stay at home. Better than good. To me at least, it is best of all. Yes, preposterous as that sounds. Yes, in spite of my clear knowledge that what we call mountains in New England are hardly more than low, undistinguished hills, without a glacier, without anything sheer enough to deserve the name of precipice, with not a single reminder of racial history that goes back more than a paltry century or two. Yet the fact remains. . . . Here I find something that all the rest of the universe lacks — even the great show places, the Grand Canyon, the Matterhorn, Niagara. They are wonderful; they stun my eyes, but after I have passed on I find I do not miss them much. I remember them as notable events, in much the way that I remember once having seen a reigning stage beauty or a king, magnificent in his coronation robes.

Love is a homelier thing than that, and, to be loved, a countryside — like a man or a woman — has to be lived with through long, tranquil, happy years, until it is a part of you, and you of it. Until the rocks and trees are no longer looked at from the outside, appraised, compared with others, but taken for granted like brothers or cousins. That is the secret of home loving . . . a looking from the inside. And that — I understand it now — is what my Switzers felt when they saw Brig. No wonder I, an outlander, found nothing there but just another undistinguished hill town. No wonder that hundreds of tourists are disappointed every year searching for the magic of Hardy's Wessex or that all he could find of Yarrow reduced Wordsworth to jiggling platitudes.

So after all there is no use whatever in describing my home country, since you would need my eyes to see it as I do. . . . In spring, with the voices of countless tinkling waterfalls, with the first, faint green of the birch leaves and the lambs bleating as they totter about on the squashy meadows. . . . In October, blazing with red and orange. . . . In January, with the soft snowflakes falling, falling endlessly. . . . On a dazzling February afternoon, the sky dark blue, all the world cold, white, immaculate. Then as the sun sinks, a twilight softness, a rose-and-violet afterglow on the snow-covered hills, the tracery of hardwood twigs patterned against the sky, the hiss of the powder snow in the wake of my skiis as I slip homeward, my blood racing, my lungs delighting in the icy oxygen, my heart full to overflowing with beatitude just at being alive.

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The Advance of Basic

by **C. K. OGDEN**

In *The Shape of Things to Come*, H. G. Wells gives an interesting account of the end of Babel. "One unlooked-for development of the hundred years between 2000 and 2100," he says (or would have said had he been writing in Basic), "was the way in which Basic English became in that short time the common language for use between nations. . . . By 2200 almost everyone was able to make use of Basic for talking and writing."

There are still sixty-four years to go before those who are certain Mr. Wells is wrong will have a chance of putting his words to the test; but, for those of us who have an idea that he may be right, it is not without interest to see how far the history of Basic in the five years it has been before the public gives support to our belief. In that short time, Basic representatives have made a serious start at teaching the system in over twenty-five countries, ranging on the map from Norway to Paraguay. With their help, Basic books have been printed in Czech, Danish, Latvian, Swedish, Russian, and the chief languages of the Far East; and others in French, German, Spanish, and Italian are about to be put on the market.

Denmark was one of the first countries to see the value of a system by which the time needed for learning English might be cut down from four years to one month, and in 1932 a Copenhagen night school went on the air with great effect after learning Basic for fifty hours. This year twenty schools in Denmark are teaching Basic, and the authorities are watching the outcome with attention. In China, Basic books and Basic teachers are so much in request that false experts have been lining their pockets with gold, and a Basic Institute has had to be formed in the public interest. The Japanese have been equally ready in their support of Basic, in so far as the present school system makes this possible, and a Basic paper has been put out in Kyoto regularly every month for the past three years. A Basic newspaper for the use of schools has been printed in Poland for about the same time. Later news of interest is that in the Leeward Islands there is a Basic Word of the Day which has to be got by heart in every school (it has been worked out by the young Islanders that, at this rate, they will have a complete knowledge of Basic in four years' time) and that Basic is now being tested in Massachusetts, under the direction of Miss Mary Guyton, as a system for teaching English with as little pain as possible to newcomers to the United States.

Of special interest is the development of Basic teaching in the U.S.S.R. under the direction of Madame Ivy Litvinoff, who has made herself responsible for the Russian form of a number of the Basic books. Among these are *Gulliver in Lilliput*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and *Black Beauty*. Her *Step by Step* guide to the system, the *A B C*, *Stories from Tolstoy*, *Basic by Examples*, and Lamb's *Stories from Shakespeare* will be ready before the end of the year.

II

At the back of this surprising development of Basic is the fact that enough material has now been produced to make it quite clear that the eight hundred fifty Basic words have the range and power of a complete language. Well over thirty Basic books have been put out by the Orthological Institute, and the list is very far from being one of simple schoolbooks. In addition to straightforward prose, such as the Franklin papers (from which the selection printed in this number of The Forum is taken) and the Basic *Gulliver*, this library has in it examples from the Bible, a complete guide to the writing of business letters, and (with the help of short, special word lists) a number of serious works of science. The latest additions to the library are two books by Professor J. B. S. Haldane.

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The Basic *St. Mark* is the first complete book of the Basic Bible which may one day be responsible for millions learning Basic. Experts are surprised that it is possible to give its teaching with so little loss of feeling in a language which has only one sixth the number of words needed for the King James Bible. Second only in value to the Basic Bible for the future of Basic would be the Basic Shaw, and a Basic form of *Arms and the Man* has already come out. The picture of Hottentots and Trobriand Islanders reading G. B. S. with profit might well have a place in one of Mr. Wells's Utopias and may be a reward to G. B. S. himself for letting his humor be forced into such narrow limits.

In the last year or two there have been a number of signs that Basic is taking its place as a normal part of our international existence. It is coming to be used for outlines in science papers like the Swiss *Annales Guébhard Séverine*, by business companies with branches in other countries, and at international meetings. Possibly the fact which has most weight with public opinion is that Basic "gets away with it" even among those whose natural language is English. The opening talk of the I.P.R. Conference at Banff, in 1933, for example, was printed in Basic without most persons being conscious that anything out of the normal had taken place; and, when Dr. I. A. Richards made use of Basic in a paper to the English Aristotelian Society, the general opinion was that he had put his arguments into clear, straightforward English.

These examples have had fruit in greater undertakings. Anyone desiring to have on his shelves the best account of present-day building will now have to get a Basic book — *Twentieth Century Houses*, by Raymond McGrath, which has been given approval by the judges not only for what it says but for the way it says it. Some months back, in England, a bright little program of London events, named *London Week*, took its place on the newsboys' trays. Its guide to the chief buildings and places of interest is in Basic. And last summer the British Broadcasting Company made radio history by putting four Basic stories on the Empire short wave. Last but certainly not least, an account of Basic, in Basic, was given space in that respected representative of the best interests of the English language, the *London Times*. And in a later number of the *Times*, in a statement of the views of the paper on the subject of Basic English, it was said:

> For their own sake, as well as for that of foreign learners, English-speaking people would do well to keep their own English as near as possible to the simplicity and the precision of Basic English.

It is in the hope that Americans may come to the same decision that Benjamin Franklin is put before them in this new form; and, if they do, there is *The System of Basic English* put out last year by Harcourt, Brace.

Words to Those Who Are About to Go on a Sea Journey

(Benjamin Franklin's original translated into Basic English by C. K. Ogden)

WHEN YOU ARE going to take a long sea journey, nothing is better than to keep it a secret till the minute of starting. If you do not, you will be troubled at all hours of the day by

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your friends coming to see you, which not only takes up much-needed time but makes a thousand important things go out of your mind. Then, when you are on the ship and well out at sea, you are troubled by the memory of business not done, of payments you have not made, and of a number of things which you had in mind to take with you and which you are in need of every minute. Would it not be better to put an end to all this and to let anyone going on a journey get ready quietly without troubling him, so that he may give up one or two days, when all is done, to seeing his friends for the last time?

It is not at all times in one's power to say which ship's chief one will go with, though a great part of the pleasure of the journey is dependent upon this selection and though one is for a time necessarily limited to his company and in some measure under his authority. If he has good sense and is a pleasing sort of man, kind and good-humored, you will be so much the happier. One sometimes comes across men of this sort, but they are not common. However, if yours is not of this number, so long as he is a good seaman, who gives care and attention to the control of his vessel, you will have to do without the rest, because these are the most important qualities.

Whatever right you may have, by your agreement with him, to the food he has taken on the ship for the use of the persons journeying with him, it is a good thing to have a private store, which you may make use of from time to time. It is necessary, for example, to have some good water, because the ship's water is frequently bad. But you will have to put it into bottles or you will not be able to keep it good. In addition, it is necessary to take with you good tea, coffee, chocolate, the sort of wine most pleasing to your taste, apple alcohol, dry fruits, nuts, sugar, capillaire,* acid fruits, rum, eggs in oil, tinned soup, bread twice-cooked. As for fowls, it is very little use to take any with you, if you do not undertake the work of giving them food and getting them fat yourself. With the little care taken of them on the ship, they are almost all unhealthy and as hard as leather.

All sailors are of the opinion that fowls have no idea when they have had enough water, and that, when water is freely given them, they generally put an end to themselves by taking overmuch. This opinion has been handed down from the time when there was little water and when it was necessary to take great care of it, and the outcome is that they give them water only every two days and even then in small amounts. They put this water into vessels sloping down on one side, which makes it go to the lower part, so that the fowls have to get upon one another's backs to come near it and some are unable even to put their mouths in. In this way they are troubled all the time by their need for water, their digestions are unable to do their work because the food is so dry, and they quickly get ill, and that is the end of them. Every morning there are dead ones among them, and these are dropped into the sea, while those which are used for the table are in such a condition that it is as much as one is able to do to get one's fork into them. To put this right, it is necessary to have a number of small divisions in their water vessels and to see that every one gets some water in it; but this is not generally done, if ever. For this reason, sheep and pigs are the best animals to take to sea for food, the sheep's meat being generally very good, and pig's meat first-rate.

Possibly some of the food and stores I have here been talking about may not be needed at all, because of the care the ship's chief has taken to get in the right things. But, if this is so, you may give it away to the poor persons who are making the journey more cheaply and are living among the common sailors, with no right to the ship's food or to only that part of it which is used for the seamen's meals. These persons are sometimes ill and unhappy, and there are frequently women and young ones among them, who have no chance of getting those things of which I have been talking and of which, possibly, they have the greatest need. By making a distribution among them of your unnecessary food, you may be of the greatest help to them. You may get them well again, keep them from death, and make them happy, which is at all times a most pleasing experience for a feeling mind.

II

THE THING HARDEST to put up with at sea is the cooking, because there is no one on the ship who is truly a cook by trade. The worst sailor is generally taken for that purpose,

* AUTHOR'S NOTE: — *A sweet drink made from a plant (Adiantum Capillus-Veneris).*

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and is, for the most part, equally dirty. From this comes the saying among the English sailors that "God sends meat, but Satan sends cooks." Those, however, who have a better opinion of the Higher Powers, will have a different idea. With the knowledge that the sea air and the motion caused by the rolling of the ship have the effect of increasing their desire for food, they will say that the Higher Powers have given sailors bad cooks to keep them from taking more food than is good for them; or that, in the knowledge that they would have bad cooks, the Higher Powers have given them a strong desire for food so that they will take enough to keep themselves from wasting away. However, if you have no belief in this help of the Higher Powers, you may yourself, with a heating apparatus and a boiler and a little alcohol, get some food ready, such as soup, cut-up meat, and so on. A small oven made of tin plate is not a bad thing to have. Your servant will be able to get a bit of sheep's or pig's meat cooked in it. Seamen's hard cake, which is overhard for the teeth of some persons, may be made soft by putting it in water. But bread twice cooked is the best, because, being made of good material cut into thin bits and cooked a second time, it readily takes up water, becomes soft, and the process of digestion gives no trouble. For this reason it is a very good food, much better than hard cake, which is not made by the same process.

I have frequently seen soup, when put on the table at sea in wide, flat plates, sent out on every side by the rolling of the ship and I have had the desire that our tin men would make our soup basins with divisions, forming small plates which take enough soup for one person only. In this way, the soup would not, when the ship gives a great roll, be sent out of the plate on to the chests of those who are at table, burning them in the process. Having said something about these little things which are not very important, I will now make some general observations on sea transport.

III

When ships are used only for transporting necessary food from a country which has a great amount of it to another which is without it and when in this way it keeps a number of persons from death through need of food (which was very frequent before ships were used at all or became so common), we are forced to take the view that it is one of those arts which have been of most value to men. But when it is a question of transporting things of no great use or of things which are not necessary to existence, it is then uncertain if its value is as great as the loss caused by putting such a number of persons in danger on the great sea. And, when it is used to take by force the property of other vessels and for transporting men in chains, it is clearly a most cruel way of increasing our troubles on this earth.

It is surprising what a number of vessels and men are every day put in danger when going to get tea from China, coffee from Arabia, and sugar and tobacco from America, all things which our fathers before us did very well without. For the sugar trade almost a thousand vessels are used, and for the tobacco trade about the same number. About the use of tobacco, there is little to be said; and, as for sugar, how much better would it be to give up the short pleasure we get from drinking it once or twice a day in our tea than to give our support to all the cruel acts which are done to get it.

A noted French teacher said that, when he gave thought to the wars which we make in Africa to get black men and the great number who are certainly put to death in these wars; to the numbers of the poor things who come to their end on the journey, through disease, bad air, and bad food; and, lastly, to the hundreds who come to their end through the cruel conditions in which they are later forced to do their work, a bit of sugar became for him a thing marked with blood. But, if, in addition to these things, he had taken into account the wars which we make against one another to take and then take back again the islands where the sugar is produced, he would not have seen the sugar only marked with blood; he would have seen it completely colored with it.

These wars make the seagoing Powers of Europe and persons living in Paris and London give a much higher price for their sugar than those in Vienna, though they are almost nine hundred miles away from the sea. The first-named give, in fact, not only the price of a pound of sugar but the taxes necessary for the support of those ships and armies which are used to keep the countries producing it safe from attack.

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The Failure of the Art Critics—III

by **RALPH M. PEARSON**

HENRY MCBRIDE, veteran of twenty critical years, is probably the most listened-to and respected of New York City newspaper art critics. Practitioner to the extent of some pre-critical, naturalistic painting, he is genial, tolerant, human. But combined with these softer virtues is a canny insight that penetrates beneath surfaces and majority opinions and a courage that dares to state the contrary finding. In the matter of pictorial form he is as blind, deaf, and dumb as is normal within the profession.

McBride, of the *New York Sun*, is the only critic, except Mumford, who finds definite lacks in such painters as Hopper and Speicher. The following about Speicher (whose work comes as close to the appearance of the plastic and the designed as is possible to an academic artist working without the modern knowledge) is, in reality, even though he does not so state, an indictment of the entire naturalistic school:

> There are, apparently, no incentives to excitement in the work. It is essentially calm, conservative, and workmanlike. We like that, it seems. We hate to be jolted out of our serenity by art. In private life we want peace and quiet. You get it *chez* Speicher, *chez* Hopper, *chez* Gifford Beal, *chez* practically all the artists who succeed easily with us.

Compare this mental elasticity and summons to adventure with the tightness and resistance to change which is Mr. Cortissoz' proudest possession. And to the good taste which would restrain Mr. Jewell from any slightest reflection upon the enlightenment of his audience. Here is the healthy kind of jolting, even if gentle, which the country so sorely needs. Congratulations, Mr. McBride! But if only you would go on from there and explain the reasons for the calmness and the conservatism and what you mean by excitement! Some artists don't even quite understand the reason for getting excited or what happens when the emotions are unleashed from the calmness of copying. You could help these people out of their dilemma. They need you. And so does your public. And the museum officials who have bought or will buy the Speicher canvases. There just isn't anyone to do the explaining.

About George Gray Barnard's war memorial, so pathetic because of its magnified lack of knowledge of form as form and of the form relationships which are the ABC of the art of sculpture, McBride alone,* among the New York critics, has an adverse comment. And its pinnacle of severity is this:

> For my own taste there are too many details, but I am willing to concede that a memorial to ten million dead is different from a memorial to a single Pope.

One of the most acidic of all the acid tests which have recently assayed our New York City art critics was the necessity of passing judgment on that new idea in mural decoration so proudly unveiled by Mr. Eugene Schoen at the opening of the new Radio City theaters — I mean the photo murals by Steichen in the Center Theater. Here was a real innovation, a brand-new step in "mural art." It demanded the setting of a critical precedent. It forced a new issue on which the public must form a new opinion. It supplied a supreme moment for critical leadership. Are photo murals justified as wall decoration? Can they be called mural art? Mr. Schoen, father of the idea, was about to spread it beneficently upon the walls of the New York State Building at the Chicago world fair. Should such a spreading be encouraged or

* AUTHOR'S NOTE: — *Mr. Jewell corrects me on this statement, saying he has written an adverse comment on Barnard. I am sorry I missed that credit mark for Mr. Jewell.*

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nipped in the bud? This was the critical issue. Suppose we first appraise the issue and then see how Mr. McBride met his responsibility.

The photograph is a record of actual objects as they are revealed by the accidental lights and shadows of a particular moment of time. These accidental lights and shadows in their wanderings over all exposed surfaces thus become the dominant means of the expression of subject. There can be only such control and emphasis as the photographer can impose on his source of light or as he can manipulate in the technical processes of developing, printing and retouching. These modifications do not alter the basic characteristic of all photography — i.e., its recording of all lights and shadows as they fall on the surfaces of all forms in the range of the lens.

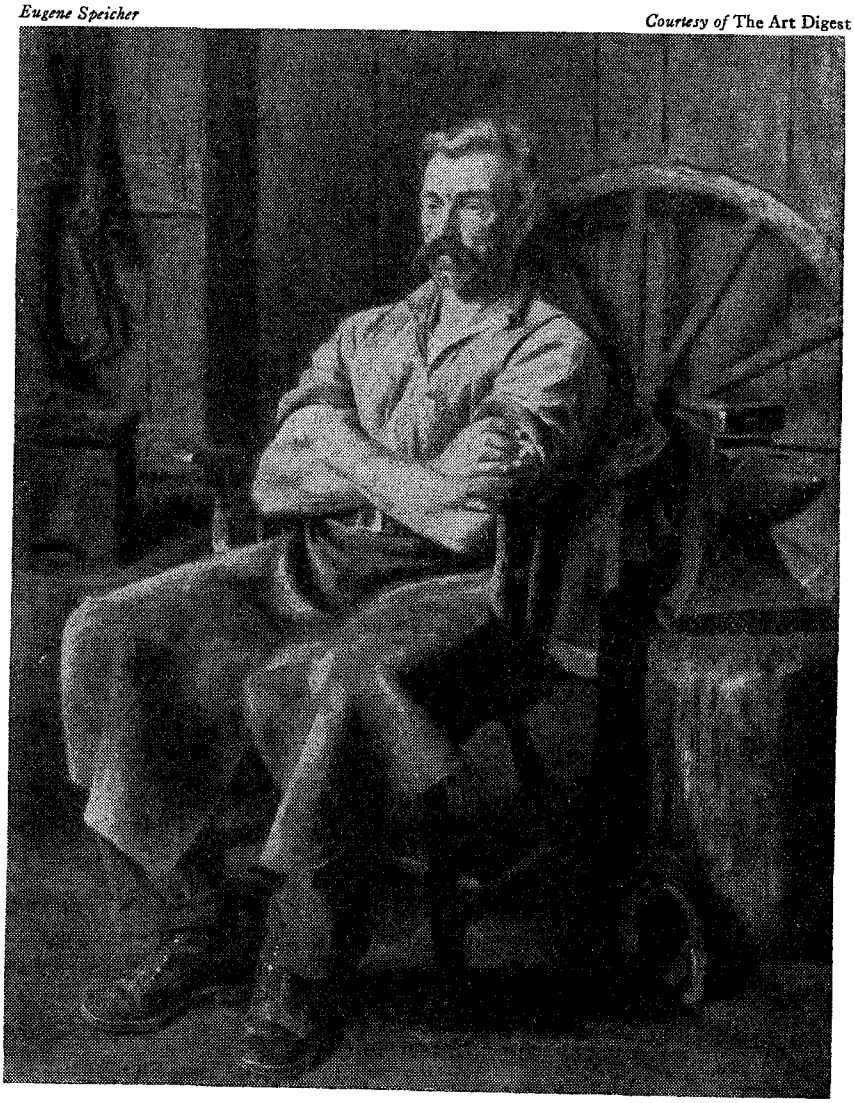
The photographic print, therefore, is in effect a black-and-white illusion of the actual scene. As such it lacks all qualities of pictorial art. The greatest of these lacks is the metamorphosis of actual, accidental light and shade into a controlled light and shade that clarifies form and builds it into a plastic design of surface. This design is the visual music into which the artist has poured the art of his picture. . . . It is also the dramatization of all material into an effective whole, with its dominants and subdominants, its controlled repeats and variations. Because of these lacks the photograph ignores its own surface and the surface of the wall on which it is hung. It also ignores all laws of the art of the picture except such as can be satisfied vicariously by arrangement and lighting of subject. Consequently it violates every essential of mural art except the physical fact of subject as such. To assume that a photograph of any size can be mural art or even mural decoration is to admit a totality of ignorance of visual art. The photograph in the hands of an artist can modify its own fundamental nature but cannot alter it. Photographs are not and can never be murals.

How did our two most influential art critics meet this new issue? I quote first Jewell, then McBride:

> In so far as one can reach a reasoned opinion at this stage, it can be said without hesitation that the men's lounge in the smaller RKO theater is by far the most successful room. Its photo murals by Edward Steichen, which tell the story of aviation, represent an achievement quite in advance of anything shown in the photo section of the mural show at the Museum of Modern Art. What then was experimental is now in a position to prove that the medium, when handled by a master like Steichen, can be used with

The work of Eugene Speicher presents a difficult problem to the critic because he appears to have the modern plastic sense without actually understanding or using it. Mr. McBride realizes the lack in his quoted comments without understanding it, whereas Margaret Bruening raves about "sonorous harmonies of rhythmic designs" that exist only in her imagination. Instead of silence or rapture, it would appear to be the function of the "art critic" to explain this central issue about the art of the picture.

Eugene Speicher — *Courtesy of* The Art Digest



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fine effect in mural work. The theme is carried round the room in unbroken sequence, and here, for once, is a mural that does not strike one as purely incidental to a larger decorative scheme.

A week later Jewell confirms his first opinion thus:

Margaret Bourke-White's photo murals, recently installed in the rotunda of the NBC mezzanine in the RCA Building, can leave little doubt in anyone's mind as to the effectiveness of this modern type of mural decoration.

McBride, on the same date as the first of Jewell's statements says this:

Among the smaller wall paintings, that by Buk Ulreich of a cowboy on a prancing steed is really delightful, and Kuniyoshi, Louis Bouché, Henry Billings, and Stuart Davis are also to be highly commended, though not quite to the extent that one would praise the Steichen photo murals in the other building. It is disconcerting to a lover of painting to have to admit that a photographer comes nearer than the painters to expressing the feeling of the times, but nothing is to be gained by deceiving oneself.

Naturally, both critics, like any laymen, are immediately pleased with the subject of these pictures — the history of aviation. That subject is timely, unhackneyed, and eminently appropriate to mural treatment. Also it is rich in pictorial material. But, *exactly like any ribbon-counter clerk or banker*, their vision fails to penetrate beyond subject into the field which is supposed to be their specialty — the art of the picture. There are no reservations to their approval — no pointing out of the lacks which, in spite of subject interest, make the photograph a travesty of mural decoration. They respond to the literal, pictured idea. They are stone-blind to the art in pictures. Of course this photographer has come "nearer than the painters to expressing the feeling of his times." Except in the case of Rivera. And it is important to state that fact. But what of it — if the result is outside the realm of art?

This one significant omission, as I see it, forces one of two conclusions: The art of the picture is unimportant and can be ignored; or these two gentlemen who do the ignoring are not *art* critics. Modesty forbids me to do all the deciding in such important matters.

On the subject of Thomas Benton's murals McBride is tolerant, intelligently critical of subject choice and characterizations — and mum on all aesthetic implications.

Always canny on the human and subject sides of his judgments, Mr. McBride recognizes the lacks of the naturalistic school and something of their psychological nature. I can find nothing in his writing to show he goes even as far as Miss Cary toward any realization of the nature and function of pictorial form.

Margaret Bruening

In contrast to the canny, if incomplete, intuition of Mr. McBride, with his feet on solid earth, Margaret Bruening, of the *New York Post*, tells us about "the beautiful orchestration of color," "the rich, sonorous harmony," "the subtility of the rhythmic designs" in the paintings of the same Eugene Speicher. This is a plain case of misappropriation of words, and something should be done about it. Eugene Speicher! A painter who is an adept at composition but never glimpsed the meaning of color orchestration or rhythmic design and whose color harmonies are too fettered to the actual to be rich or sonorous. But there is no district attorney in the department of art (thank the Lord) to defend the integrity of words. What can be done?

If this romantic verbiage does not sufficiently expose the critical equipment of the Lady Margaret, let me set down her official stand on academic art. The following statement, I should say, will reveal the romance as a very convenient cloak for an extreme case of self-confident bewilderment:

There will always be a place in the sun for academic art. It does not happen to be as large or as solacing a spot at the moment as it has often been in the past. But fashions, modes of thought, styles in aesthetic expression have changed many times since the cave men decorated their fastnesses of Dordogne.

The widely prevalent interest in modern art reflects contemporary psychology so strikingly that it may not be apparent that there is a large body of art lovers who still find their inspiration in academic work. When the pendulum swings and "modern" art becomes old hat, the academic may again occupy the place of honor.

In other words, the present interest in "modern art" is no more than another fad which will presently evaporate as the pendulum of popularity swings back to copying. But does the lady mean, by "academic," copying? No, she means representation.

But academic, representational art, going back to a European origin in the fourteenth century with the Italian painters, is an art of high craftsmanship and accepted ideals of formal design.

Academic art, in her mind, is that which

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represents subject with high craftsmanship and accepted ideals of formal design. But the recent academic painters of the past generation, as that label is used to distinguish them from the modern school, knew only the craftsmanship involved in copying what they saw before them. They did not know the formal design of the old masters. It is the moderns who have rediscovered and are using formal and informal design. It is that characteristic that distinguishes them from the academicians. Both schools can represent nature. Has a professional art critic the moral right to be innocent of that knowledge?

C. J. Bulliet

Mr. Bulliet, of the *Chicago Daily News*, has written my article on himself for me in a letter. Since there is nothing in it he would particularly want to keep dark, I think it will be ethical to quote:

> Even in my heaviest "critical" moments I sidestep as much as possible the "inside dope" and the "solid food," especially when it is trussed up in learned jargon. You see, after writing an article, I have to read it through at least once in the interest of punctuation, bad spelling, and carelessly hitting the wrong typewriter key. Now Ruskin, Berensen, Dewey, Dr. Barnes, and all the Barnes satellites put me regularly to sleep. It would be unfortunate, wouldn't it, if I were to fall asleep reading my own stuff and miss a deadline?

I admit that mighty few people will fall asleep reading "Bulliet's Artless Comment." The P.I. (personal interest) about the artists and whom they married and why they painted prevents that. In fact this lively comment makes you feel as if you had got really acquainted with new friends — sort of a week-end-in-the-country intimacy. Its great, such "inside dope." But, I can't help wondering, is it really true that all those thousands and thousands of newspaper readers and world-fair visitors who follow Mr. Bulliet's words do not feel a little hungry for some *inside dope* and even some *solid food, also about the pictures?*

Thomas Craven

Thomas Craven, who writes for Hearst's *New York American*, is a healthy irritant in American art criticism. He is more than a journalist; he actually is a critic. He makes forthright appraisals of all aspects of the picture, including form. His jabs, at the complacency and human limitations of artists (in an article such as "Have Artists Minds?"*) and (in *Men of Art*) at the

> little groups of merchants and esoteric idealists who control the fashions and markets in American art and who maintain little stables of thoroughbred artists just as the sporting millionaires deal in thoroughbred horses,

tear open the shutters of a sickroom and let in a welcome blast of fresh air. For, among the multitudes of our artists, collectors, connoisseurs "whose fathers got rich in pork, oil, or iron, lady art students and students of philosophy," there *is* a percentage (Craven does not so qualify his statement) who are "mired in aesthetics," do "feed on a transplanted European culture or American imitations of the same," and do "have but the mildest of contacts with the swift and brutal realism of American energy." To all such, these shafts of barbed words that sting with truth should be renovating and rejuvenating, and are eminently needed.

Craven's philosophy of art is he-man and red-blooded. His general creed is that all art for art's sake should be chucked out the window — that only art dealing with the human drama of the day is worthy of the name or has any meaning to contemporary man, that all problems of structure or design should be a means and not an end. An excellent creed! But Craven is a writer — that is, a mind that deals in literary concepts and, as such, needs watching. How does he apply this worthy creed? Particularly, for this discussion, what is his valuation of pictorial form?

In *Men of Art* Craven, in speaking of the *art of design* as meaning

> that creative or techtonic faculty by means of which the artist shapes old things into new combinations or new forms,

quotes Michael Angelo as follows:

> "I find among men but one single art or science, and that is drawing or design, all others being members proceeding therefrom."

These words certainly give design an important place in life. Are Craven's appraisals in line with this quotation?

> The intelligent modernist will tell you that Masaccio is a master of three-dimensional space, that every figure and every object has its geometrically determined position in a perfectly ordered scheme of relationships. . . . All of which is true and praiseworthy. . . . We do not need to be artists to derive a keen sense of pleasure from fine forms and attitudes,

* Author's Note: — American Mercury; *March, 1927.*

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> from human figures in rhythmical movement and the balanced distribution of weights, masses, and colors. But this is not, I hope, the end and aim of art. The modernist painter has been so closely preoccupied with questions of plastic form and structure that he imagines he has produced a work of art when he has only solved a technical problem. He forgets that great painting, over and beyond technical necessaries, is animated by a profound human purpose.

This is the Craven thesis. Pictorial form is necessary, but as a means — not as an end with inherent values of its own. Did Michael Angelo mean just that?

The Armory show of 1913 was staged at the height of the grand experiment with design per se — subject annihilated or torn into chunks — the wild, free abandon of new combinations of color, line, space, and abstract form. About that show Craven says:

> To some of us it seemed that a new era was beginning. The spirit of art was alive again, and under the stress of French ideas an exhilarating burst of vitality began to sparkle in our musty showrooms.

Then he follows with this:

> But since that memorable uprising of 1913 something has happened. The sensational issues are dead and buried; the lust for battle has dwindled into an ignoble truce with the Academy; the creative stream has run dry; and modernists, at home and abroad, are wearily sifting and resifting its barren deposits.

Strange! I had not realized that the creative stream had run dry. I thought this invasion of a new point of view was a great release of new energies, a rich field of exploration constantly, since 1913, revealing new powers of realization both of the creative self of thousands of searching minds and of perceptions of works of art both old and new.

But Craven is utterly contemptuous of self-expression, and presumably of the self-realization to which it can be such a potent means. For him human drama must be en masse. Was the "spirit of art" really alive in this country only in that one little show? Did those sensational issues all die and get buried thereafter? And are the moderns sifting and resifting *barren* deposits? Or is Craven exaggerating a bit to simplify and dramatize a pretty argument?

In the very informative chapter on Cézanne (in *Men of Art*) we find Craven explaining this "solitary glory of modernism," this *studio artist* who asked only to be let alone "to paint nudes on the banks of the Arc" in sympathetic appreciation:

> Cézanne's aim was to achieve the monumental in a modern language of glowing, vibrating tones. He would reveal and compose forms in their material and rhythmical aspects by the juxtaposition of colors.

The explanation goes on at length, capably discussing the plastic means by which Cézanne revealed the essential nature of *an apple*. A still life in this one and only case is worthy of serious consideration. It has values. It is evidently a work of art. Then the passage ends with the customary slam — at the young Frenchmen who,

> because Cézanne became fashionable, began to imitate the crudities and imperfections

and at

> the Americans who, copying the latest French models, entered into the mass production of Cézannesque shacks built in the lopsided style of Parisian modernism.

Now a he-man critical bombardment, jazzed up every few pages with some devastating black-and-white generalizations, makes good reading. It is virile. It jolts awake any interest that might flag. It sells articles on art to the *American Mercury* and *Harper's*. These incidentals, which Craven, I am sure, never thought of, do not condemn the method, providing the generalizations, by their lack of any halftones, do not give a wrong impression or distort the facts. But consider this last quotation. The description of Cézanne's technical procedure in *revealing the reality of an apple* is several pages long. It is one of the most clarifying explanations I have seen in print. It validates the plastic and functional color processes *for the purpose of revealing reality*. Then, in the next paragraph, it damns in one typical sweeping generalization all young Frenchmen and Americans who follow this vitalizing lead as imitative charlatans who are copying because *Cézanne has become fashionable*.

Most of us know that not all Americans have copied Cézanne because he is fashionable. There are a few honest souls who have learned from him a great elemental truth and are trying to apply it in their own way because they recognize its value. The above statement, then, is an inaccurate generalization. Beyond that he gives no inherent value to design as such — no place to the visual music of space and form harmonies, in spite of the fact that Cézanne did labor as painfully to get the *right relationship* of colors, lines, and forms as to reveal reality. Did Cézanne, then, deny or

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ignore the plastic values for their aesthetic function as does Craven? Or is Craven intellectually aware of and emotionally blind to these values? And does this explain why all his visual music must have its program?

These two points, the generalizations which distort fact and the preoccupation with program art, are probably the only two weak spots in the critical equipment of a man who is certainly one of the most intelligent of professional American art critics. One can forgive, perhaps, the generalized distortions because of the heightened dramatic effect and consequent increased reader pull to which they so effectively contribute. But I, for one, cannot forgive the overlooking of the aesthetic emotional values of design as such, apart from subject.

Not that all art should be "pure" — i.e., devoid of literary meaning. But there is a place in the sun for pure visual sensation, as there is for pure auditory sensation, and, even in the program picture, which, of course, is the more complex experience, *or apart from it existing in its own right*, pure sensation has its own experience values in addition to its values as a means. One who knows both experiences is not intolerant of either. He does not chuck either one unceremoniously out of his experience window. He uses and delights in both. The fact that Craven is so intolerant of the aesthetics of "studio art" is the strongest possible circumstantial evidence that he is "tone deaf" in this vast and thrilling experience field — *that he does not love the qualities of the picture which, as art, make the program pulsate with plastic life.* Or, to put it more strongly, which justify the program *as art*. If that is true, we have one more case of the literary mind, like the antiquarian and scholarly minds, that can know all about a thing without knowing the thing itself.

I honor Craven for two superlative achievements. His art criticism is a sort of cerebral castor oil. He helps the physical body of the current attitude toward art to purge itself of accumulated impurities and thereby makes it feel better after the disagreeable process is over. Also he has built up a critical self-assurance that is truly monumental and awe-inspiring. Ah yes, he has one other virtue. He humanizes with his virulent, nonconformist attack the men of art he writes about.

Of course the great artist has deep, compelling visions of life and the universe. Of course such deeps of the human spirit vitalize works of art. Of course there are many levels of profundity of realization and of power in achievement. The trouble with Craven is that he fanatically hero-worships the power — spiritual or physical — for its own sake. The gentler virtues, the refinements, to him, are not another stratum of experience; they are damned. They are taboo. They are "effeminate." Art *must* be as he-man and red-blooded as his critical words.

> One of the most distinguished of living painters [he says] has the hands of a stonemason — massive, powerful hands that have been bruised and knocked out of joint by the hardest kind of manual labor.

Ergo, all artists must be stonemasons and physically bruised. It is all so forthright and obvious and unconvincing.

At his best, as in the chapters on Cézanne in *Men of Art* and on Benton in *Modern Art*, Craven is capable of some of the most penetrating and well-rounded criticism to be found in contemporary print. If he would only outgrow his exhibitionistic, slapstick critical buffoonery, if he would validate his approval of design structure in the work of his heroes by revealing some feeling for its aesthetics wherever found — even in the work of the hated "aesthetes from Stieglitz's purified stable" — we could acknowledge with pride a genuine leader critic. Without so much of a metamorphosis and in spite of his healthy virtues, I can see Thomas Craven as only a negative influence on the great American public. Negative, I mean, in the sense that he confirms the Babbittean jeers at aesthetics and pulls art appreciation back into the easy subject pigeonhole from which the modern movement, even as imported from Paris, has been rescuing it. His approval of Barnard, Pop Hart, Marsh, and Sloan, with only a pang of regret at the "weakness" resulting from their lack of design knowledge, clinches the point.

The sum total of this investigation of art critics comes down to the uncovering of this situation. Our art critics know all about art *without knowing the thing itself*. Wherefore it follows, as the night the day, that when they write about art they may be excellent journalists but, because their critical equipment does not conform to a necessary minimum standard based on and growing out of experience, they *cannot* be *art critics*.

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Spud and Cochise

Continued from page 31

sitting in a narrow canyon with his gun in one hand and his rope in the other, at midday. His saddle and bridle were piled at one side. The horsehair rope lay on the ground before him, about ten feet of it from his hand to where it had been cut, and he was staring down the canyon at his horse, a fine big bay, running all out, and one foot and one hand of an Apache showing, the rest of the Indian hidden where he clung on the horse's farther side. He was staring open-mouthed, helpless, with his gun in his hand. The cigarette he had given the Apache still lay burning on the ground where he had stood.

That feller was about seventeen, ten years ago; he's the thief of the world if he's alive now. He rolled the thought over in his mind, testing it, making sure that he knew this was it. Yep, I reckon

I got to get holt o' Cochise. He looked at the stars. Late, that had taken half the night. He rolled up in his blanket and slept.

Well before dawn, he stuck the key and a dollar under the corral owner's door, saddled up, and lit out. Four days, he figured, Indian business is always four days, I got to get goin'. He rode at a good trot upwards along the ridge and so by sunrise had climbed to an outstanding foothill. Here he found enough brush to make, first, a good fire, then an evil-smelling smoke. The pillar went up, straight, high, and thick. He threw on tobacco, four times, and two kinds of pollen from his medicine bag and then in the column of smoke he placed a tuft of down from an eagle feather. The down rose, up and beyond sight; the high top of the column bent to an off-earth, favoring wind, straightened again. Towards the southwest, Spud noted. All right, but nasty travelin'. He slapped the roan on the rump.

"Hop along, Sister Mary, hop along."

The first day was like the second, the second was like the third, the third like the fourth, and the fourth like the first, until noon. At that hour he came to a single piñon in a cleft of rock. The rock was so hot that it would burn a man's backside if he sat on it, and him wearing thin cotton overalls all but worn through, but the piñon made a ball of shade, a break, a change in starved, desert monotony. This tree bein' here is onreasonable, he figured. I guess I'll stop.

All around was gray-white and yellow-white desert, with a thin, greenish wash over it of scattered cactus and yucca. One buzzard hung overhead. He unsaddled and tethered the roan, otherwise the animal would have made a break for food and water. He lit a cigarette and blew smoke four ways.

"Here I be," he said.

The rock was a trifle higher than the surrounding country. Right smack in the middle of a God damn fryin' pan, sittin' on top of a hot button. This is a hell of a place to choose. I always heard Cochise was ornery.

He stiffened to attention, sending his thought out in the Apaches' own way. They were coming. Nothing could be seen, no change anywhere, but in a wide circle east and south of him motion existed, approached. He took the two bottles out of his war bags. They were close, eyes and thoughts were upon him. He blew smoke four ways again. They stood up, a hundred men or more, lean, stringy, hollow-stomached, hard. Their hair hung straight, black and disorderly, down their shoulders; on their naked backs, chests, and thighs the dust had set in the sweat. Their quiet faces were full of ready war. One of them walked up to him. He had a single feather in his hair and he carried a rifle. The slender barrel with the bluing worn off and the hammer well used but in perfect condition, the scarred stock, the bit of turquoise tied to the trigger guard, the readiness and steadiness with which he carried it, as though it had been born with him, the unindicated but inescapable relationship latent between its front sight and Spud contained the essence of the man, of all these warriors. Spud felt satisfied. In a mixture of Spanish and bad Apache, he asked,

"Where's Cochise?"

"Who knows?" The man stopped about five yards from him.

"I am looking for Cochise, and he knows it."

"I am chief here."

"No you ain't."

"Cochise is not going to talk to you, Amelicano."

Spud stirred slightly. "I am Spud Flynn and I come of a race o' kings. I am here. Tell Cochise to come to me."

The watching Indians stirred, the headman stepped back. From behind their ranks a man made himself visible, approached. He stood eight feet high, a broad, strong man but not heavy, hard as the others. His big, sun-blackened face loomed like the head of a mountain, full of power. He had a shield and spear slung on his back and carried an eagle-feather fan in his right hand. He walked up to Spud and looked him over. For some time they watched each other, both thinking, both putting forth what they had. It was clear to them that they did not need an interpreter; each could speak his own way.

"I saw your smoke," Cochise said.

"I have something here," Spud answered.

"The Four Eye." Cochise looked at the bottles. "Good. I take them."

"Maybe so, maybe not."

"How?"

"I did not ride all this way to make you a present."

"One never does." Cochise sat down.

"There's something's got to be done. I'm thinkin' about something."

"My thought is ready to listen."

"Do you know Snakeweed?"

"Of course. There is too much of him."

"He needs to be removed."

"Remove him."

"Help me."

Cochise spat. "He is bad for us but he is worse for white men, I think. Why should I remove him? I am fighting your people, I am holding my country for my Apaches. If he kills you, if you kill him, if you both die, we are pleased."

"He's plumb bad. He ain't just bad for you or me or for everyone; he's badness. True chiefs, no matter who they be, can't sit and let him go on."

"True chiefs? Do you think you are

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one, White Man? I have come, I have met you, I have heard you. I shall now take the liquor."

"I'm Spud Flynn and I come of a race o' kings. The liquor is not yet yours."

Spud uncorked a bottle. The smell arose and spread outwards, the Apaches swayed towards it. Cochise ran his tongue over his lips, Spud's mouth watered. He put the cork back.

Cochise said, "Njoni. We shall see."

V

SITTING CROSS-LEGGED there in front of Spud, he pulled himself in, concentrating himself. His outer borders did not disappear, there remained the space which he occupied, but the essence of his huge frame, his sky-blocking shoulders, centered within his mind, behind his eyes. He pulled in his power until it was more than pent lightning and, though he still looked at Spud, he was not noticing him. He was paying attention to that which he intended to do. The Apaches took cover.

The sun overhead stopped, waited, reluctantly crept back. Spud saw the shadow under which he sat swing westward, away from him. The sun was forced down its own trail into morning; it descended, hung above the eastern mesas. Time trembled. It was clear, he knew, and Cochise was telling him, the fear over the hiding Indians proclaimed it, that if the sun went down backwards the past would come again and no man could stand it. The earth was plunging like a horse being backed and fighting the bit; in a minute the earth would start bucking. Spud thought that Cochise had the thighs to ride it, but he knew he hadn't. His mouth was dry, and he was sweating. In a minute he'd have to ask him to stop. Then he saw that Cochise was watching him. He got a grip on himself and cleared his throat. Immediately, from old habit automatically, he looked for a target, aimed, spat, and knocked a lizard endwise. He nodded satisfaction and returned his eyes to Cochise's again.

Slowly, carefully, the Chief set the sun back in its proper place. The shadow of the tree swung round, the earth quieted, the Indians sat up. Cochise filled himself again. His forehead was wet from the effort he had made.

"That is power," he said, reaching for the bottle.

"Wait!"

Spud spoke sharply. He had been scared, he was mad, and he aimed to be madder. He began swearing, soft and mild at first, as his custom was; then, as his wrath stood up in him, he got into the swing of his language, and the air before his face changed color. He used the deep cussing of seamen, the low, venomous cussing of cattlemen, the freighters' whiplike oaths, and what he heard from the Mississippi roustabouts when he was a kid at home. He cussed the cussing of the Mexican muleteers when they're feeling fine and want to tell the world and when, at the end of a long desert day, a mule falls and spills its pack and another mule steps on their feet. He used the dreadful, whining cussing with which Finn sailors can stop or start a storm and his father's terrible Irish wrath and Navajo and Apache and Ute words of shriveling strength and *coureur-de-bois* talk and Kit Carson's main oath on top of the lot; and all along through it he wove in and out the ideas that came to him, the voice of his anger pouring itself out full. The warriors ducked, raised their shields, and touched their medicine bags. Cochise put his fan before his face, and twice he half-raised his hand to ask Spud to stop. As the cowpuncher's voice died away at last, there was a thump on the ground between them, and the buzzard which had been sailing high above fell to earth, scorched clean of feathers.

Spud drew a breath. Cochise waved his eagle fan again. He was chagrined. He had performed his showiest magic first and overplayed his hand.

Spud said: "What you done is ornamental, but it don't serve no purpose.

The sun always has to be put back. But this o' mine, now, it's relievin' to the feelin's. My throats terrible dry; I reckon I'll take a drink."

Cochise made a negative gesture with his hand. He drew his knife slowly and, turning slightly to his left, reached upwards. With the point against the blue of the upper sky he cut, the blade moving steadily through mild resistance, like cutting cheese. The four strokes made an irregular diamond. With his left hand he pulled that cut piece out of the sky; then he settled back and turned his gaze upon Spud.

Spud looked at the hole, and he couldn't stop looking. He had not known there was a blue like that; he didn't hardly believe any color could be so wonderful. The blue was transparent, letting through into more blueness, into

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endless depth. Behind the sky, through that hole, something was about to be seen. All happiness and contentment were waiting there. His soul went up towards it, he leaned forward, rapt, staring. There was nothing in the world that mattered if this could be attained. The desire of his innermost heart was about to make itself known. He would rise up and go to it, through the hole in the sky. The world was mean and small; this was everything. Sweet peace filled him. There was a date next Thursday — what did it matter? Here was the end, after all. A promise made. But satisfaction, happiness showed their full meaning to him. Who I am? he thought. I don't matter. I don't have to go on bein' Spud. His body had no weight, his whole being floated deliciously. A word of a kingly line whispered in his memory, a promise made. With an effort, he put his hand over his eyes. I'm Spud Flynn and I come of a race o' kings, Snakeweed. He shook himself, opened his eyes, and looked at Cochise.

"That was strong," he said. He still felt wistful.

Cochise put the piece back and sheathed his knife. He reached for the bottle.

"That was strong," Spud repeated, "but you didn't dast look at it yourself."

"What can you watch that I cannot?"

"Looky here."

He pulled a long piece of fine string out of his pocket.

"I was a sailor oncet," he said and began knotting.

While his fingers worked, he whistled "Whisky Johnny" through his teeth, making a sound like wind in ropes, monotonous, repetitious, dolorous. The string moved, turned back upon itself, a fast plaiting with manifold knots. A web grew rapidly, strong, netlike, with a curious pattern in it. The whistling and the work continued. Cochise leaned closer; he was hardly breathing, and his muscles bulged with effort. At length he put his hand out, covering the sennet.

"Untie it," he said in a choked voice.

Spud pulled one end; the whole thing came out straight with a little whizz. Cochise let out a sigh, moved his arms, swung himself from side to side, feeling his freedom again.

He looked straight at Spud and said in a low voice, "I was in there."

"Sure you was." Spud put the string away.

"Let us each have a little of that Four Eye. There has been great work this afternoon."

"Suits me. Seems a shame to keep puttin' off a good thing."

Spud opened a bottle and passed it over. Cochise said, "How!" and drank. Spud said, "How!" and drank. The perfume of the Four Eye Monongahela, its full flavor, and its great strength pervaded them, filling them out, penetrating to their fingertips. They felt good will towards mankind, they were elevated, their powers increased and their minds clarified.

"I never had a whole bottle of this before," Spud said. "How!"

Cochise took it in his turn. "I did once, long ago, but I shared it with Mangas Coloradas. How!"

They were superior to the world but they desired it to be a better place and they felt able to make it so. Spud's eye fell on the singed buzzard lying between them in its horrible nakedness.

"They ain't pretty even when they're alive," he said, "but this, like it is now — well, it don't remind me of a chicken dinner."

"Let us improve it," Cochise said.

He passed his fan over the bird and blew upon it. It was clothed again in its rusty black feathers. With an awful squawk it rose from the earth.

"You're plumb full o' magic," Spud said. "What I got's skill."

He pulled his two guns and fired each, twice. The bird came down again, stunned, two leaden bullets fused into shackles around its feet, two more in a collar around its neck.

"How's that?"

Cochise said: "Give the bird a drink; he deserves it."

Spud poured some of the liquor down its beak.

"What the hell's goin' on here?" the buzzard said. "You two can show off plenty power without misusin' me this way. Gimme some more o' that liquor and turn me loose."

"I reckon you've had plenty," Spud said.

"You do what I say, Spud Flynn. I know all about you. I know where you stole that roan you're goin' around on. And you, you big Apache you, I know where your life medicine's hidden, I do. You turn me loose and gimme another drink."

They said together, "You know too much." One reached for his gun, the other for his knife.

"Oh no you don't," the buzzard said. "I ain't the only one. What in hell do you think we do to pass the time up there, waitin' for our meals? You kill me, and I got plenty brothers to attend to you. The both of you."

"Free him," Cochise said.

Spud freed the bird and gave it another drink. "So long," it said and flew upward unsteadily, emitting curious harsh sounds.

"It thinks its a meadowlark," Spud said. "That's good liquor." He paused as an idea struck him. "Say, how did that bird get started talkin'? Did you do that?"

Cochise smiled faintly.

VI

THE SUN WAS getting low. Cochise spoke to his men, and fires were made, cooking started. An Indian brought a pile of small herbs, such as white men do not even see, for the roan, and a fire was built between the two chiefs; but no one offended them with an offer of food. They smoked together ceremonially, contemplating the intimate, man-centered flame and the wide, universal sunset. Night followed swiftly; when they sat enclosed within a sphere of low firelight, Spud passed the bottle. They smoked again.

Cochise said, "Now let us consider Snakeweed. My thought is upon him."

"For many reasons, any one o' which would be plenty, I've got to attend to him. I've made my war boast, and so has he."

"Good, then. We have warriors here. Let us start."

"No, we can't do it that way. Snakeweed, he's got power, too. I jest want a little help to get around it."

Cigarettes were finished before Cochise replied. "I am holding my power here in the Apache country. I need it for my people. We win our battles but we are few and hard-pressed. One can win and win and lose in the end by going beyond his strength. My power is here, for my people. I am afraid of letting my power leak out in a white man's affair, lest once it starts it all might run out. But you are right about Snakeweed, and chiefs must help each other. What do you wish?"

Spud said gravely, "I don't reckon this'll wear out your medicine none. You know that malachite bullet he's got, the only one that will kill him?"

"Yes, Haski Nez made it, but the Navajos talk too much. It was too bad."

"Well, I reckon there's a man o' yours can steal it for me. I'll tend to the rest."

"What man?"

"Feller who stole a big bay horse from me."

"We have stolen many horses, of all kinds and colors."

"Well, he was about seventeen years old, this Indian. I had the horse on a rope and my gun in my hand and I was watchin' him, and it was midday. That was ten years ago. I figure if he's still alive he ought to be the thief o' the world by now."

Cochise smiled. "He is here. You are right." He spoke towards the surrounding fires.

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A slender man of medium height came into the light. He was ordinary in every way, save for the fluid quietness of his movements. Cochise told him to sit down.

"This is he."

"And he's gone on stealing?"

"Look at the bottle."

Spud took it up. There was a drink less in it than there had been a moment ago. Its stimulation showed on The Thief's face.

"All right. He'll do."

They explained the matter. The man looked pleased.

"That will be good to do. It will be a credit to me. For a long time I have done just ordinary stealing; my people say to me, 'Thief, where is your skill?' It is good."

They gave him another drink, searched him, and took both bottles back. Cochise told him to return to his own fire.

It would take a whole book to tell what Cochise and Spud discussed as the stars moved westward and the bottle was emptied, as stars crossed over and they went into the second bottle. They talked far, wide, high, and deep. Under the influence of the Four Eye Monongahela they reached out and embraced mankind, understanding, pitying, loving. They touched on the past and the future and poured wisdoms and visions back and forth into each other. It was a great night, a great talk.

Near dawn The Thief joined them to finish the second bottle. Cochise gave the horses four kinds of pollen, life, breath, and a feather; and The Thief and Spud mounted. They could have run to Spareribs in a few hours, the way they were then, but being proud men it suited them to ride.

At first light Spud and the Chief touched hands.

"When you have time," Cochise said, "light your fire again and send a feather. Do it for no reason."

"I'll do that."

VII

SPUD AND THE THIEF loped all that day and all the next night, at dawn reaching the ridge above Spareribs, where they took shelter in a mesquite grove. There they lay till the town awoke, and at last, after the sun was high and the air hot and dusty, Snakeweed came out of his shack. The Apache smiled.

"In his cartridge belt," Spud said.

"Do you want the whole belt?"

"Just the bullet."

"Good."

The Indian moved like smoke down the slope of the ridge. Near a stone he bent, pulled himself into himself, disappeared. Spud rolled over and went to sleep.

When he woke, well after noon, his first thought was, golly, I hope I ain't slept it off. He sat up and considered himself. Reckon not. No. It ain't that kind o' drink. His supple joints moved, his sinews were oiled, his thought danced as he considered life. Hell, I ain't old, he decided. What got into me? I ain't one that ages thataway. I'm back into it again. I'm Spud Flynn, I am, and by God I'm delighted.

He took it easy, smoking and thinking. Nice feller, Cochise. Companionable when you get to know him. I'd kind o' like to look through that hole again, only I'd run a mile if he started to carve it out.

The Thief stood before him. "Here it is," he said.

Spud took the cartridge, staring at it. The malachite bullet's strong color glowed in the shade; it seemed to have life. One felt the magic that had been put into it.

"That's fine," he said. "Does he know he's lost it?"

"No." The Indian looked discontented. "I could have stolen him, as well as not. And the place is full of good horses."

Spud nodded. "You'd like somethin' to take back with you, to show."

"Yes."

"Well, go ahead. The sky's the limit, jest so's you don't steal my roan nor interfere with my play. I'll be through jest after sundown; then go to it."

"Njoni." The Thief hesitated. "How about a Mexican girl?"

"No. That ain't nice. Don't you do it."

"Good. I shall take just horses."

"All right. And thanks. All men will know soon that you stole the bullet."

The Indian smiled. "That is good. I shall go farther up and wait. Adios."

"Adios."

The bullet was set in a percussion-cap cartridge. Spud went delicately about putting it into one of his new center-fires, fearful of losing the medicine, but when he had done he saw that it was all right. The bullet was full of certainty. As the sun went down, he rode into Spareribs and put his horse up again at the Rafter Lazy J corral.

I shore feel fine, he thought, as he drifted along the street. His spurs clinked on his heels; he was at ease, full of peaceful excitement and life. I am Spud Flynn, and it suits me fine. He would not eat now, though he had cause to be hungry; the Four Eye still worked smoothly in his system, and Indian medicine calls for empty stomachs. He was full of good will and readiness.

To pass the time, he went into the saloon and strolled up to the faro bank. The dealer greeted him with the same weary, professional show of warmth he used on hundreds of such dingy, threadbare cowboys. Spud looked over the layout and the deck. What he didn't know about faro didn't exist. He lost a dollar, then put up two dollars coppered and lost them. The dealer had been handling dimes and quarters for so long he had to stretch his fingers to pick up the cartwheels.

"Try again," he said. "The luck always changes."

"Thanks," Spud said. "I reckon that's sufficient."

He walked out again, feeling pleased. It was dark outside now; in starlight the frame houses and adobes were less achingly bare. He made his way, leisurely, to the house with the broken front porch where Snakeweed lived. Looking through the window, he could see the man gnawing at the roast hind leg of a bull beef. Snakeweed stopped, picked a piece of gristle from between his teeth with a skinning knife, and went back to eating.

Spud felt just fine; he felt happy and that the world was right for him. Care was gone. Here was the beginning of pure pleasure. Standing a few yards away, he picked up a rock and hove it at the door. He heard Snakeweed move and a chair fall over.

"What in hell?" called that harsh, roaring voice.

Spud loosened his gun in its holster.

"Come on out, Snakeweed, you son of a bitch. Come on out and get it."

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach
President, Poetry Society of America

Some New Books of Verse

Twenty new books of verse a month for a nation of only a hundred twenty million might seem an answer to critics who assert that the Americans are a prosaic people. That means two hundred forty new volumes per annum, or one imprint for each half million pair of eyes. However, most of our books of verse are local in character, limited either to geographical areas or to small groups of readers rather narrowly defined in their literary tastes. In the batch of books noticed this month there is none which addresses itself, like Tennyson or Kipling in England, in sweeping terms to a nation.

Solstice, by Robinson Jeffers (Random House, $2.50). Robinson Jeffers may or may not be the greatest living American poet, but there is none who at present commands greater homage and awe from our more sensitive critics. His abstractions of emotion and beauty are still as inaccessible to the average mind as the rock-bound turret in which he writes to the screaming of sea gulls from the Pacific. To another generation they will seem as definite as projections of our pure mathematics, such as radio and the airplane. In the present volume Jeffers urges us to find ourselves outside of ourselves in passionate observation of things, not humans. This is good extraverted American aesthetic doctrine.

King Jasper, by Edwin Arlington Robinson (Macmillan, $2.00). This is a painful narrative poem. It is tragic that Edwin Arlington Robinson was not permitted to leave as his posthumous work a serener benediction for mankind. To unravel this parable of social and psychic destruction and rebirth will tax the rare, keen brain which comprehends an Aristotle or an Einstein, but the lay reader can luxuriate in blissful ignorance in lines and paragraphs of dazzling Robinsonian beauty.

Selected Poems, by Robert Nathan (Knopf, $2.00). There is nothing concealed or experimental or headache-provoking in the verse, or rather the poetry, of Robert Nathan. The simple, familiar passions are interpreted in the familiar way but with such burnished phrase and distilled beauty that his poems likewise belong to the classes rather than the masses.

Selected Poems, by A. E. (Macmillan, $2.00). The last of the Irish gods has returned whence he came. It was surely no mere mortal who less than a year ago strode to the dais of the Poetry Society of America and gave his last guest reading. This volume deserves a place on American bookshelves not only with poetry but *The Age of Mythology*, *The Book of Mormon*, and *Science and Health*.

Saint Peter Relates an Incident, by James Weldon Johnson (Viking, $2.00). This man is a poet. Such a normal, rising tide of passion surges through every poem that the commonplace becomes exhilarating and the obscure as transparent as dawn. All his words, as this Negro singer prays, "fall like sweetly cadenced chords, or burn like beacon fires from out the dark."

Mnemonic, by Sarah Trousdale Mallory (Caxton, $2.00). This Idaho volume is not to be neglected. There is concentrated wisdom salted into these American aphorisms. They are quotable like *Proverbs* and the *Poetic Edda*.

Elephants at War, by Thomas W. Duncan (Prairie Press, $2.00). These poems are regional — Iowa — but they are metallic and virile enough for national consumption. The mud and muck of every day, the drab and trivial are made to gleam with a new, insolent beauty when revealed in Mr. Duncan's trenchant and tensile verbiage. Exhibit A: "To an Alley-cur in Winter."

A Mad Lady's Garland, by Ruth Pitter (Macmillan, $1.25). An English writer with a new uncatalogued technique of mockery is now introduced to discriminating and sophisticated American readers. Open first to "Cockroach" and get it if you can. There is merry humor here, and she is laughing at you.

Trial Balances, ed. by Ann Winslow (Macmillan, $2.00). This is a valuable textbook for the study of young American experimental poets in their twenties. Each exhibit is criticized by a competent critic. Read C. E. Hudeburg's curious verses about Trinity Churchyard and Coney Island in the light of James Ralston Caldwell's apt explanation of "modernist": "the effort to vitalize abstraction and to present it for sensuous experience."

The Island Called Pharos, by Archibald Fleming (Liveright, $1.50). Archibald Fleming is a young poet who requires watching. His images and symbols are dynamic but as yet disturbed and disturbing to the reader.

Call Back the Spring, by Daniel Whitehead Hicky (Holt, $1.75). Competent sonnets, good lyrics, themes out of homely experience, with no attempt to obscure by experiment.

God's Ambuscade, by Daniel Sargent (Longmans, Green, $2.00). The President of the Catholic Poetry Society of America does not let his conversion to Catholicism lead him to excess of enthusiasm. These poems are intellectual rather than sentimental. Their light is kindly and restrained. One lovely poem, "Courtesy," happily introduces the volume. The poems that follow suffer from caution.

All My Argument, by Dorothy Alyea (Ellis through Brentano, $2.50). A delicate lyric talent, very feminine, sings with a note of homesickness, of childhood memories of the Pacific Coast, and of other personal matters. The author is particularly successful in conveying the atmosphere of places and seasons. There is a sorrow not explained though its cause may be hinted in the closing poem — about a bird in a cage.

Bay Window Ballads, by David McCord (Scribner, $2.50). Friendly critics say these ballads are very funny, but really few of them provoke more than two honest chuckles. It is difficult for humor to be long-winded, even in metrical form.

Planter's Charm, by Fay M. Yauger. Level Land, by Kenneth C. Kaufman (Kaleidograph Press, $1.50 each). These volumes are distinctly worth while as a regional verse. *Planter's Charm* is a terse, homely, authentic aesthetic message from Texas. *Level Land* comes straight from the prairie, with streaks of mud on its boots.

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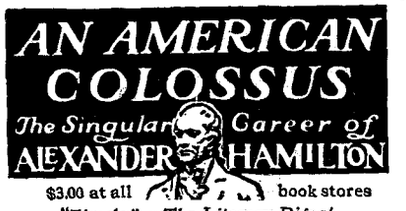
The Book Parade

I WRITE AS I PLEASE, by Walter Duranty (Simon & Schuster, $3.00). Whether as a record of history in the making or of Mr. Duranty's own intellectual growth, this rich, informative, and very lively book deserves a place beside Steffens and Vincent Sheean. For over fourteen years Walter Duranty has been Moscow correspondent of the *New York Times* and, as everyone knows, has covered his stupendous assignment superbly. He went to Soviet Russia in 1921, fresh from a sojourn with the hostile Baltic barons and full of prejudice against all that Bolshevism meant. How he came to alter his opinion, how he arrived at an extraordinarily just understanding of the Russian experiment, is the dominant theme of this candid and informal autobiography. Starting with an exciting experience of civil war in the Baltic, Mr. Duranty witnessed every step of Soviet Russia's drama. He was there in the dark days of famine and cruel hardship; he watched the orgy of dissipation and spending which followed the inauguration of the N.E.P.; he was present at Lenin's funeral, which he describes with moving power; he drew his own, surprisingly accurate conclusions from the struggle between Stalin and Trotzky and the initiation of the Five Year Plan. Weighted with shrewd political analysis, enlivened by humorous anecdotes and brilliant haphazard commentary, his book is an absorbing account — not only of events in Russia but of how a social adventure affected an unusually interesting mind.

OLD JULES, by Mari Sandoz (Little, Brown, $3.00). Told with uncompromising honesty by his daughter, this is the astounding, the almost incredible story of a fierce, eccentric, visionary old man who was an epitome of all the pioneers. Fresh from a comfortable life in Switzerland and from medical school at Zurich, young Jules Sandoz came to the sandhill country of Nebraska in 1884. He stayed on doggedly in this hard, beloved land, fighting the claims of the settlers against the arrogant cattlemen, trying by every means to attract new settlers, going to jail frequently for his intransigent belligerency, growing fine orchards where it had been said no orchards could be grown. He discarded three wives, as being inadequate to his demands, and the fourth — who bore him six children — he worked half to death without tendering a word of thanks. Mary Sandoz however, was made of the same stern, tenacious stuff as Old Jules. She learned to understand and appreciate this coarse, dirty, swaggering unregenerate man, who had a touch of genius beneath his apparent craziness. Old Jules was intelligent — a dreamer and a builder. Before he died he won an impressive reputation for himself as a horticulturist and a civic force. His daughter, who feared him as a child, tells his saga with due appreciation for the staunch, lusty, humorous qualities which made it possible for him to stay on, where others deserted or went mad, and conquer a new land. This is no conventional, prettified yarn of the noble pioneer. It is a vigorous, devastating, and often brutal chronicle which nevertheless achieves a certain grandeur. Old Jules is the kind of flamboyant character whom most novelists would give their eyeteeth to create.

GREEN HILLS OF AFRICA, by Ernest Hemingway (Scribner, $2.75). Of all the writers to whom one would like to commend better material, Mr. Hemingway leads the procession. This new book of his, which concerns big-game hunting in Africa, is stylistically excellent and at the same time curiously childish. However pungent his descriptions of stalking antelope and rhino, however persuasive his insistence that there is something fine and invigorating about slaughter, Mr. Hemingway remains at his best when he comes closest to his old self. All too infrequently there are passages of dialogue in this book which rival the choicest bits from *The Sun Also Rises*. Mr. Hemingway, when he discusses literature and defensively belabors his critics, is uniquely the man he used to be; when he shoots down a buffalo he is just another, if supersensitive, game hunter. *Green Hills of Africa* is a well-written and extraordinarily self-conscious book, rich in superb pictures of African landscape and African wild life. It is also a gesture, an act of bristling defiance to his critics, which confirms everything they have ever said. But isn't it about time that he wrote another novel?

SILAS CROCKETT, by Mary Ellen Chase (Macmillan, $2.50). Writing again about the Maine seacoast which she knows so well, Miss Chase shows how its declining maritime activity affected four generations of a proud and sturdy New England family. Beginning with Silas Crockett, in 1830 the prosperous commander of a ship engaged in the Canton trade, the story carries on through the careers of Nicholas Crockett and Reuben Crockett to that of Silas Crockett, 2nd, who, in 1930, left college to work in a canning factory. With the possible exception of Reuben, they rarely emerge as full-bodied characters. They appear more as symbolic characters, bewildered, frustrated, and saddened by the economic and social changes of their times. It is the women — Abigail, Solace, Deborah, Susan, Huldah, and Ann — who are the really vital people of this book. Possibly it was Miss Chase's intention thus to give New England women their due; if so, it is rather too bad she couldn't have been a little more subtle in giving New England men theirs.



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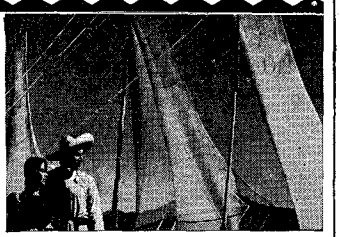

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Our Rostrum

(*Continued from page 4*)

Bishop does not plant his feet on such firm ground.

The laymen's group would oppose Fascism as well as communism. These "isms" differ in underlying theory, but they are alike in becoming dictatorships in practice. The laymen would oppose dictatorship in any form, whether by an autocrat or a class. But the laymen have not asked and do not now ask the pulpit to oppose either Fascism or communism. Laymen have merely asked why the church should advocate any political or economic system whatever.

We are glad to agree that the Ten Commandments represent the results of social experience. Since they are stated to have come directly from the mouth of God, the laymen thought they were Christian, and, since they have never been amended by their Author, we assumed they set up a fixed standard of morals. We ask forgiveness for whatever error we have committed but we would remind the Bishop that every one of them is directed to the individual and can be observed only by the individual. No one of them is directed to or enjoins any duty upon the social organization or the mass. It is evident that in these "horse-and-buggy," "ten-miles-an-hour-traffic" days the Author of the Decalogue, not having the advice of a competent Committee on Social Service, thought that whatever righteousness, mercy, justice, truth, and brotherhood there would be in the world would have to come through some individual.

Laymen do not believe that all individuals would "turn fools" the minute "they ceased to act competitively and began to act co-operatively." But they would, in the absence of that regeneration which only religion can accomplish, be the same individuals and, if they have made a "lunatic asylum" out of a social system based on liberty, they would make a veritable Hell out of a "commonwealth" which forced them to "co-operate" without hope of enjoying the fruits of their own toil.

It is men who do wrong, not systems. That abuses and evils have crept into the social and economic systems is all too true. Those evils must be forever eradicated. Nevertheless guilt is personal. After making due allowance for those noble souls of every generation who were unselfishly devoted to the service of their fellows, there have been, in all the history of the world, only two ways of doing the work of producing the food, clothing, shelter, and other human satisfactions. One is by force — or through dictators and slavery; the other is by rewards — under liberty. When we abandon liberty, we must inevitably resort to force.

We learn from Bishop McConnell that "the Church is a social institution with power to help make the social climate" and a "duty to take account of all the forces which help or hinder the building of individual character."

Can it be true that the duty of the Church is not primarily the teaching of Christian principles and the inspiration of the lives of men who will in turn modify the rigors of the "social climate"? Is it true that the job of the church is to take account of, i.e., to regulate, social conditions, to smash the old and to set up new systems of economics and of government, which will automatically make men good?

It was precisely to escape just that kind of Church interference with their social, religious, and economic affairs that men fled from Europe to people America. But we will not dwell on that. We will waive also the undoubted fact that every great foward move in human freedom and human happiness has obtained its inspiration and force from the life and character of some man.

In effect, the Bishop is saying that social conditions, not Christian principles, are the dynamics of character building; that character is the result of hours of labor, wages, environment, not the result of principle, of will, and of effort. He holds a low estimate of both Christianity and character.

What intrigues me is the wonderful argument which the Bishop affords to the prisoner at the bar! No guilt can be attributed to him! The culpability lies in the social order. It is the jungle, not his own character, which has made him a beast. What a perfect alibi the "social gospel" puts in the mouths of evildoers. Every convict in the penitentiary can now move for a new trial on the ground that his crimes were not his but were the fault of the social order — and prove his case by a Methodist Bishop!

Yes, we have read the parable of the rich man who buttressed himself behind great barns bursting with grain and smugly ordered his soul to take it easy. He was a fool, not because he had worked hard and saved his earnings but because, as the Master expressly stated, of covetousness. Was he any more covetous than those who would socialize or redistribute the earnings of other men, seize the so-called "social profit," and live by the sweat of other men's faces?

That there are present-day bosses is true enough. But they are the bosses of individual businesses or political bosses of groups of people. So long as the American system of constitutional and economic liberty stands, there may exist plenty of abuses, but there are not now and there never will be any bosses of the social, political, economic, and religious life of the individual American citizen.

In the Bishop's view, the American

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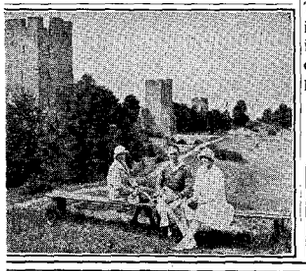

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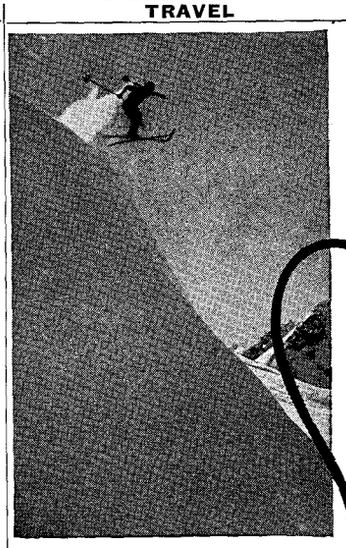

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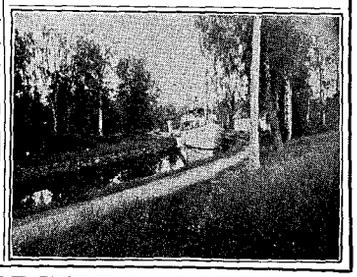

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Our Rostrum

and economic system is a "lunatic m," in which "men starve because is too much food," the state acts e "agent and tool of business," and exists a "competitive struggle which s a jungle look like a children's play- d." This description in the Bishop's language reveals a tolerant open- edness toward the American system which would convert a joint discussion of that system between the Bishop and Stalin into a symposium of brotherliness.

The question, however, is not what I, as a layman, or what the Bishop, as a Methodist minister, think about the American social, political, and economic system. The real question is what the Methodist Church, professedly consecrated to the spread of the Christian gospel ought to do about it.

The writings of the adherents of socialism are wholly innocent of any quotation from the utterances of Jesus in support of their position. For that I am sorry. I have looked for some text or some parable from His ministry which would take this discussion out of the realm of

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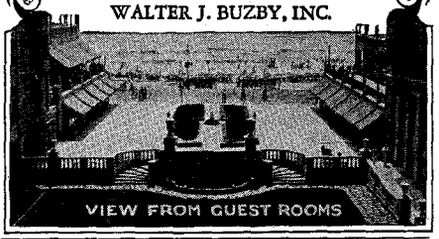

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Our Rostrum

opinion and give it an authoritative basis. Probably the best answer to the problem of the ministry would be found in what The Christ said and did about the social, economic, and political system which existed in His day on earth.

One incident in His life comes to mind. He, the Great Teacher, was standing upon a mountain. Before Him was a motley throng of people. They were fishermen, farmers, laborers, villagers, the poor, the hungry, the miserable, the unemployed, the regimented and oppressed of the earth.

If He came to set up a church, which in the words of the Bishop I have quoted would be a "social institution with power to help make" the "social climate for individual development," here on the mountain was the place to start. Before Him were social problems enough. Below Him, covering not only Palestine but the earth, was hunger and cold and misery aplenty. If He agreed with the Bishop that it is the "business of the church to take account of all the forces which help or hinder the building of individual character" it was His business to damn the then existing social, economic, and political order with all the fervor, if not with the same words, with which the Bishop damns America.

He did not rail at the government. He did not condemn the economic order. He sponsored no revolution, counseled no class war, promised no redistribution of wealth, coveted no social profit, taught no social gospel. His message was for the individual. No one could be forgiven, He said, who did not first forgive; everyone should do unto others as he would have others do to him.

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

He said it. No cold, hard-fisted industrialist said it. The Master said it.

Why did He, standing in the presence of human misery and oppression, knowing of the evils and the underprivilege of the people, viewing the enjoyment by the overprivileged of emoluments and prerogatives they had not earned — why did He preach what Bishop McConnell would no doubt condemn as an inadequate social gospel? Did He not preach the duty and responsibility of the individual because He knew that, unless men were regenerated, any economic, social, or political system would fail; and because He knew that, if He and His church could build enough Christian characters, those characters could operate, for good, any economic system whatsoever. Did He not know that, if we are to have a better world, we must first of all have better men?

And, as He spoke, the scroll of twenty centuries unrolled to reveal at the end an economic and a social system based upon the inalienable God-given rights of the individual citizen to live his own life enjoy his own liberties, pursue his own happiness, and worship God in his own way so long as he does not interfere with the rights of others. Under that system men have enjoyed broader liberties, wider opportunities, more of the good things of life, spiritual, cultural, intellectual, and material, than had ever been spread before any other people under any other system in all the centuries of recorded history.

"Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistle? By their fruits ye shall know them."

The laymen do not ask the Church to defend or to advocate the American economic system or any economic system. They ask, merely, that the ministry preach the gospel that He preached. They are intrigued by the so-called social gospel. But what is the social gospel? Where is it found? And how will the layman know that it is, in fact, either "social," or "gospel"?

The way out of our difficulties lies upward through character building, not downward, deeper into materialism. The world is being shorn of its faith, of its freedom, of its morals, and of its God. It needs religion, not a new economic system. It needs men who can start a revival, not preachers who can foment a revolution. It needs a rebaptism of faith and brotherhood, not a redistribution of property. It thirsts for the old gospel of individual freedom and of moral responsibility.

ARTHUR M. HYDE
Trenton, Mo.

THE CHURCH IN MEXICO

To the Editor:

Mr. Moreno's attempt at a rebuttal of my answer in your October number to his attack upon the Church in September asks for answers to eight questions and even suggests that I should have answered them before. As a matter of fact Mr. Moreno never asked them. He should have known and I fear that he did know that THE FORUM would not allow me sufficient space in the Rostrum for the purpose. Not one of his questions can be answered by a "Yes" or a "No." In fact to answer them properly would require a book. You offer me from five hundred to eight hundred words. It would take the full eight hundred to answer the first question only, calling as it does for a digest into the history of the origin of the Church and State conflict in Mexico. There would still remain seven others. Under the circumstances all I can do is once more refer interested readers to my book.

FRANCIS C. KELLEY
Bishop of Oklahoma City and Tulsa
Oklahoma City, Okla.

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TOASTS

NILLA CRAM COOK has given so complete an account of her life in her story of "What Religion Means to Me" that little remains to say here. She does not mention, however, that, after the death of her father and mother in Greece, she returned to the United States for a short time. Her first marriage (to the Greek poet, Nikos Proestopoulos) took place when she again visited Greece.

CHESTER C. DAVIS, head of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, which has just received its death warrant from the United States Supreme Court, was born in Iowa. He started life as a newspaperman, whence he branched into farm and labor administration in Montana and Illinois.

L. J. DICKINSON, United States Senator (Republican) from Iowa, first went to Washington as Congressman in 1919. This is his first term in the Senate.

CHARLES R. GAY succeeded Richard Whitney as President of the New York Stock Exchange in 1935.

RAY MURPHY is a native of Iowa and a graduate of Iowa State University. The War interrupted his practice of law in Ida Grove, in that State, and he served overseas as a captain of infantry. He is a charter member of the Leo P. McNamara Post of the American Legion, at Ida Grove.

HENRY ADAMS BELLOWS, who debated the survival of democracy with Lord William Cecil in the October FORUM, is a former member of the Federal Radio Commission and has since served as representative of the National Association of Broadcasters in Washington.

MARY M. COLUM is engaged again this winter giving a literature course at the University of Miami, at Coral Gables, Florida.

The ANONYMOUS author of "I Sent My Father to an Old Men's Home" was a reporter on a metropolitan daily until her marriage. Now, being a wife, mother, and in-law takes most of her time. Of her occasional writings, this is the first she has been unwilling to sign.

ZONA GALE, novelist and playwright, is an old FORUM contributor. Her latest venture in authorship is a play which Brock Pemberton is to produce in New York.

RICHARD LEE STROUT is a member of the Washington staff of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, one of America's fighting liberals and widely known as Contributing Editor of *The Nation*, is devoting much of his time these days to lecturing and declares his encouragement at the response of audiences to vital national and international problems of the day.

DAVID MCCLOUD lives in New Hartford, New York. He is the author of two novels and is working on a third.

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DONALD R. RICHBERG

on

"The Townsend Delusion"

This clear-headed lawyer digs deep and points out conclusively the workings of the plan and its effect not only on our respected citizens of 60 years and over but upon all the rest of us. ★ ★ ★ This is only one feature in the **February** *Review of Reviews* which goes to make it the most thorough and authoritative interpreter of national and foreign affairs.

Other FEBRUARY features are:

The White-Haired Dark Horse, by Richard Barry. Senator Dickinson of Iowa has not been prominent among early seekers for the Republican nomination — but he must not be overlooked.

A National Balance Sheet, by Frederic A. Delano. If this country were treated like a corporation, a study of its assets and liabilities might surprise us. Calamity-howlers would be surprised.

The Question of Yardsticks, by C. H. Frazier, Jr. Here is an attempt to find a common language to state the opposing views of the anti-utility forces and the power interests.

I Worked for W.P.A., by Edward M. Barrows. A writer and social worker of many years experience explains the W.P.A. setup and the many difficulties experienced in the carrying out of its program.

Quezon in Filipinoland, by Daniel T. O'Brien

A long-term foreign correspondent takes up the new Philippine President, his political problems, and the business and economic conflicts of the islands "doomed" to independence in 1945.

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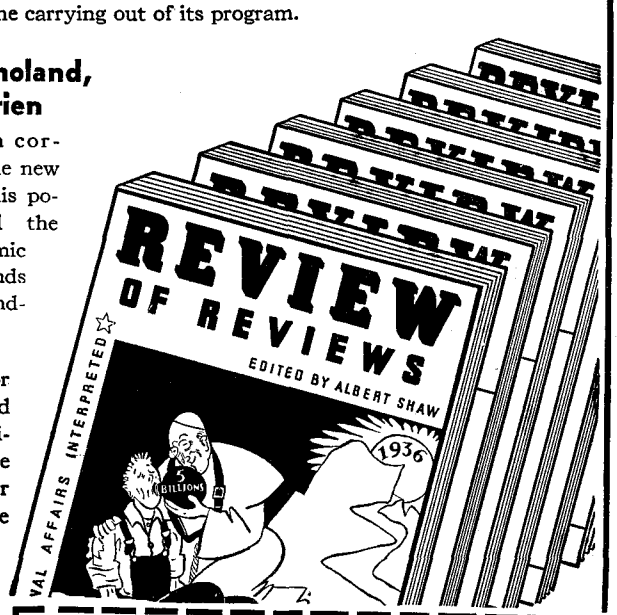

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F O R U M

and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Next Month

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

In March, 1886, THE FORUM was born. For fifty years, under the leadership of ten distinguished journalists, scholars, and men of affairs, it has set a high standard of articulate comment on the incidents, achievements, and ideas that have occupied our civilization.

During that time, the conception of THE FORUM'S proper function and, hence, the selection by the editors of the material for publication have varied considerably. Indeed, for a period of six years, shortly after the turn of the century, THE FORUM was metamorphosed into a quarterly, written by a permanent staff, with all the multitudinous modifications of editorial policy which such a move suggests. There have been times, of differing lengths, when the editorial emphasis of the magazine, as measured by the space devoted to material of certain classifications, was primarily literary — or primarily political — or, again, social.

But, whatever the nature of the subjects which the successive Editors of THE FORUM have considered most worthy of their attention and that of their reading public, there has never been lost from view that broad, general principle which has lain beneath the treatment of any subject in these pages — the principle suggested by — and from which originated — the magazine's title.

Theodore Roosevelt, discussing the interest THE FORUM held for him, remarked that there were many reasons for it but above all was the fact that with such a title there could never be any doubt of its purpose.

And George Henry Payne, assuming the duties of Editorship in 1920, wrote of the same principle: "There shall be, as the name implies, free and open discussion, the appeal without prejudice and without favor: an open journal for what is sound and accurate and honest — in truth, THE Forum."

. . . . . .

There is a trite expression to the effect that nothing is so dead as yesterday's newspaper. In proportionately diminishing extent, this, we suppose, is true of the weekly magazine, the monthly, and the quarterly. In time, all lapse to the dull level of material for the research worker in musty library stacks.

THE FORUM for fifty years has provided a living record — assembled to be read from month to month, not six months later, not ten years later — of a changing world. It has been no part of its purpose to provide material which might furnish entertainment or instruction to its readers in March, 1936.

Therefore we cannot claim it as an achievement if our Fiftieth Anniversary Issue of reprints, culled from the life span of THE FORUM, should be found to contain one or more of those elements. But in the selection of material for that issue (which is not yet complete as this is written) we shall attempt to choose not those writings which may have transfixed the reader of ten years past but those which, for any reason whatever, have retained a valuable application to the life of today. And, if any reason is necessary to explain the life still stirring in those moldy pages, we can attribute it only to the constant application of the principle discussed above — the abhorrence of the circumscribed view, which perishes tomorrow, in favor of the appeal without prejudice.

THE FORUM, combined with THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.), is published monthly by the Forum Publishing Company, Inc. 35 cents a copy; $4.00 a year; foreign subscription $5.00, Canadian $4.50. Publication office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and general offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Back copies not over three months old, 35 cents; all other back copies, $1.00. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of address, and such notices must supply the old address as well as the new. *Indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.*

All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied by return postage, and addressed to the Editor at the New York office. No responsibility is assumed for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

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THE BOOK PARADE

BY EDITH H. WALTON

A FOOTNOTE TO FOLLY, by Mary Heaton Vorse (Farrar & Rinehart, $3.00). In this rich, stirring autobiography Mrs. Vorse, who was so intimately a member of it, writes of the generation which fought for social change in the early decades of the century. Of comfortable middle-class origins, brought up in quiet Amherst, Mrs. Vorse became interested in social questions shortly after her first marriage. It was not, however, until the Lawrence strike of 1912 that her emotions were really deeply engaged and that she dedicated her life to helping the cause of labor with her pen. Thereafter, as journalist or unofficial organizer, she managed somehow to be present at all the important industrial encounters, from the great steel strike to the Amalgamated lockout. She worked with the I.W.W.'s and with all the vivid radicals of her day — John Reed, Carlo Tresca, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, and Bill Haywood; she wrote articles in Europe during the War and during the painful days of reconstruction; she witnessed the famine of 1921 in Soviet Russia; always, and invariably as a useful participant, she was present at those occasions where history was in the making. Lest all this sound merely dramatic, one should add that Mrs. Vorse was responsible for the support of three children and that to win time for her serious activities she was ceaselessly obliged to grind out light, profitable potboilers. One feels, reading this colorful, warmly human book, that Mrs. Vorse has lived twice as hard and twice as intensely as the average person.

SAWDUST CAESAR, by George Seldes (Harper, $3.00). Here is a book which undoubtedly will head the Fascist blacklist. Mr. Seldes, that astute and irrepressible journalist, has spent fifteen years in preparing this indictment of Mussolini and all his works. It is a damaging record which he spreads before one — stressing as it does Il Duce's treachery to the Socialist Party, his frequent, almost incredible inconsistencies, his connection with the murder of Matteoti, his determination to achieve power by whatever means and at whatever cost. Relentlessly Mr. Seldes strips from Mussolini all pretentions to real greatness, granting him an overweening will but calling him treacherous, vacillating, cruel, and of mediocre intelligence. As for Fascism itself, Mr. Seldes can see no health in it. He concedes its successes in the way of throttling the press and militarizing the country but he maintains — and offers much evidence to prove it — that since 1922 Italy has sunk to dangerous levels culturally and economically. Whether one believes all that he says or not — and most people react to books such as this in accordance with preconceived opinions — there is no denying that Mr. Seldes has unearthed some appalling revelations and that his book is a formidable counterblast to official Fascist propaganda.

CAREER, by Phil Stong (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00). Mr. Stong, as he must be tired of hearing, is always at his best when he returns to rural Iowa. This new novel, which is slight, mellow, and ingratiating, chiefly concerns a wise and kindly shopkeeper in the small town of Pittsville, who sacrifices his last hope of greatness in order to be of use to his community. A bank failure, a youthful love affair, and the antics of two entertaining drunks are some of the ingredients in this very pleasing tale — a conventional but rather charming study of small-town life.

PROPHETS AND POETS, by André Maurois (Harper, $3.00). The French, admittedly, are a lucid race, and M. Maurois is more so than most. In this new book of his he examines nine English writers who have shaped the thought of their generation during the past thirty years — Kipling, Wells, Shaw, G. K. Chesterton, Conrad, Lytton Strachey, D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, and Katherine Mansfield. Being intended originally as lectures for a French audience, these critical studies are often elementary and never very profound. Where M. Maurois excels — and here one returns to the question of lucidity — is in his capacity to summarize, neatly and pungently, the essential ideas of the writers whom he is discussing. He may disturb one by his estimate of such a writer as Kipling; he may seem distressingly lacking in a sustained viewpoint of his own; but the fact remains that this shrewd, fluent book, superficial as it is, has the clarity and charm of all M. Maurois' work.

ARNOLD BENNETT, by Dorothy Cheston Bennett (Kendall & Sharp, $3.00). Because of his inability to obtain a divorce, Arnold Bennett never married Dorothy Cheston. She was his second wife, however, in everything but the strictly legal sense, and this "portrait done at home" is the product of deep knowledge and intimacy. Bennett was in his fifties when he met Dorothy Cheston — an actress who had a part in one of his plays. She tells how their relationship swiftly ripened into love, how at first they maintained separate establishments, and how, after the birth of their child, she finally came to live with him in Cadogan Square. The second half of the book is given over to a hundred seventy letters from "A.B." to Dorothy which are as indicative as his own *Journal* of Arnold Bennett's character. As to Dorothy Cheston's memoir, there is much shrewd, affectionate analysis in it, coupled, unfortunately, with an overdose of egotism. She defends Bennett against many of the charges which have been made against him, but neither her own revelations nor the evidence of the letters can prevent one from feeling that, as a person, Bennett was fussily preoccupied with the mechanical details of life. Mildly interesting as it is, this book casts no new light on the novelist

PANORAMA, by An Unknown Novelist (Hillman-Curl, $2.50). Whether this book is autobiography or straight fiction is anybody's guess. At any rate it purports to be the life history of a successful popular novelist who has lost, by the age of forty, his youthful dreams, his integrity, and his self-respect. Unusual in structure, candid in its revelation of petty meanness and slow deterioration, the book is curiously absorbing and extremely well written. It has a humor, a realism, a bitter poignancy which separate it from the ordinary story of frustration.

SAMUEL PEPYS: The Years of Peril, by Arthur Bryant (Macmillan, $3.50). From a wealth of hitherto untouched material, Mr. Bryant has assembled, in the second volume of his definitive life of Samuel Pepys, evidence that the great diarist was considerably more of a person than the amorous buffoon and gossip he made himself out to be. On the basis of what is here revealed about Pepys' struggle, between 1669 and 1683, to build and maintain an efficient navy for England, it is safe to say that few men in history have borne more bravely or more ably the burden of public office. Mr. Bryant's account of his activities during those treacherous years — as Clerk of the Acts and as Secretary to the Office of Lord High Admiral — is the product of scholarly research of the highest order. Moreover, it is an account deserving of more than the usual laurels, for it contains none of the wordy ponderosities of which those who write with authority are so often guilty.

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The Book Parade

THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS IN 1934-1935, by Whitney H. Shepardson, in collaboration with William O. Scroggs (Harper, $3.00). This volume, the fourth in a very useful series, presents as impartially as possible a "first draft" of recent history. Much has happened in the past year of serious consequence internationally, and the authors have skillfully grouped their voluminous material under such major headings as exchange stabilization, Japanese expansion, the independence of the Philippines, and the effect of war in Ethiopia upon the problem of American neutrality. This year, for the first time, Walter Lippmann has dropped out, and his place as Mr. Scroggs's collaborator has been very ably filled by Whitney H. Shepardson. To both authors great credit is due for the extremely readable fashion in which they have handled difficult and complex material.

EXPRESS TO THE EAST, by A. Den Doolard (Smith & Haas, $2.50). Vaguely comparable to *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh,* though not half so sweeping and magnificent in scope, *Express to the East* dramatizes the rise and decline of the Macedonian revolutionary organization which fought for Macedonian independence first against the Turks and then against the Serbs. The story opens with the insurrection of 1903, in which the great leader, Damian Drangov, died so recklessly and bravely; it follows thereafter the fortunes of his daughter, Milja, who became the mistress of the half-legendary Todor Alexandrov and who was destined to see the revolutionary movement decay into futility and wasteful brutality. A semihistorical novel — written, incidentally by a Dutchman and admirably translated by David Cornel De Jong — *Express to the East* is full of color, horror, and bloodshed and rich in the exotic atmosphere of the Balkans. Its drawback is that it is extremely chaotic and confused and that it leaps about from episode to episode without ever drawing a fully rounded picture on the necessary epic scale.

THE SUN SETS IN THE WEST, by Myron Brinig (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50). Mr. Brinig, his admirers will be glad to know, has returned to the Montana copper country which was the scene of his *Singermann* saga. His new book is a vivid cross-sectional picture of a sizable mining town in the throes of strikes and depression. So many different types crowd his pages — from clubwomen and Jewish storekeepers to miners, prostitutes, and labor leaders — that intimate characterization goes by the board. As a panoramic portrait, however, his book is excellent — although it lacks the warmth and the human appeal of his *Singermann* books.

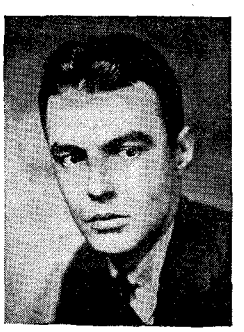
FOR LIFE, by Nathalie Colby (Morrow, $2.50). Set in a quiet New England village, this is the romance of a woman of forty who persisted in trusting love. An aristocrat by birth, Elinor Sewell was swept off her feet by young Jo, who represented the crude, living world from which she had been sheltered. She married him and watched her lover dissolve into smug, paunchy Josephus Prendergast, a man of affairs and much wealth. The theme of Mrs. Colby's novel is Elinor's effort to puncture that fleshy hide and to retrieve the lover, young Jo, from whom she had hoped everything. A little sentimental, her book is nevertheless full of wit and delicate insight.

LADIES, LOVERS AND OTHER PEOPLE, by Elisabeth Finley Thomas (Longmans, $2.50). These are the charming minor memoirs of an obviously charming woman who knew the old world and its great personalities in those irrecoverable days of the pre-War decades. After a decorous childhood in New Haven, Mrs. Thomas was educated abroad in French and German boarding schools, which she describes with especial felicity. She studied art in Paris, opened an *atelier* in the Holbein studios — then the Greenwich Village of New York — married, lived abroad during most of the war, worked on the *Morning Telegraph* under her husband's ownership, and managed to make friends with the great of two continents.

ART IN AMERICA, by Holger Cahill and Alfred H. Barr, Jr. (Reynal & Hitchcock, $3.50). A complete and very competent survey of American art from the days when the first artist-explorers depicted Indian life for the benefit of the curious at home. The book is divided into two major parts — before and after the Civil War — and deals with sculpture and architecture as well as with painting. There are special sections about modern stage design, photography, and motion pictures, and, throughout, the book is illustrated with a lavishness which one cannot sufficiently commend.

THE FAYS OF THE ABBEY THEATRE, by W. G. Fay and Catherine Carswell (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50). For those who have seen the Irish Players — even for those who know them only by repute — this account of their genesis should be peculiarly absorbing. The brothers Fay,

"The first important American novel of 1936, and it marks a brilliant beginning." —HERSCHEL BRICKELL, N. Y. POST



by the author of THE LAST ADAM

JAMES GOULD COZZENS

MEN AND BRETHREN

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The Book Parade

Frank and William G., were stage-struck Dublin youths with no money, who devoted all their spare moments to an amateur dramatic society which they had formed. They little suspected in those early days that the society would later develop into the famous Abbey Theatre and that their tentative efforts as amateurs would do so much to enrich Irish culture. Both Fays were excellent actors, but the present narrator was manager of the Abbey, as well, during its formative years. Aided by Mrs. Carswell he tells simply and unostentatiously the story of his life, from his experiences as a bill poster for traveling circuses and theatrical companies to the days of fruition at the Abbey. He writes of his association with Yeats, Synge, Lady Gregory, Dudley Digges, and Padraic Colum; he describes how an Irish national theater came to be established; he portrays the mistakes and vicissitudes and successes of those early, exciting years. Mr. Fay's narrative flags a little after his departure from the Abbey in 1907, but on the whole this is a glowing and extremely interesting book. Nobody who really cares for the theater can afford to miss it.

— AND FOREVER, by Esther Morgan McCullough (Gotham House, $2.50). Earnestness and real feeling have gone into this novel — but unfortunately Miss McCullough is unequal to her material. It is the story of a sensitive, intelligent girl, Sebastian Dale, who was preoccupied with the idea of death, and deeply affected by the War. After a lonely childhood on a beautiful Vermont estate, Sebastian came to New York and plunged into the Bohemian life of Chelsea. Followed the War, in which most of her friends and lovers participated, and a long, bitter period of restlessness and disillusionment. Much could have been done with this theme, and the author has honestly tried to do it, but she has, alas, dragged out her story to absurd, intolerable length, reported the details of every trivial party and bit of girlish conversation, showed throughout a lack of humor and proportion. As it stands — *And Forever* is a bore.

THE COMING WORLD WAR, by T. H. Wintringham (Seltzer, $2.50). Totally unlike the usual book which portrays, more or less imaginatively, the horrors of renewed conflict, this is a coldly scientific analysis, written from a Marxist standpoint, of what is likely to happen in the next world war. Mr. Wintringham describes the changes which machines have made in military technique, points out that the civilian population is now as responsible for the success of a war as the actual army, stresses the value of propaganda, predicts that the only ultimate outcome of war will be revolution and that war cannot possibly be abolished until the capitalist system is overthrown. He has some bitter things to say about professional advocates of peace and of the League of Nations — on the grounds that they really play into the hands of militant imperialism — and allows no conceivable solution other than his own. Whether one agrees with Mr. Wintringham or not, his book is provocative, shrewdly argued, and exceptionally well documented. It is indorsed by John Strachey, who has written a very enthusiastic introduction.

ONE AGAINST ENGLAND, by Ernst Carl (Dutton, $3.00). Ernst Carl was a German spy in England during the War. Ingenious at disguises and clever at insinuating himself into the higher ranks of society, he married an English girl who was for a long time ignorant of his activities. As the War progressed Carl associated himself closely with the Irish Sinn Feiners and together with them — according to his own story — plotted and brought about the death of Lord Kitchener. There have been many versions of the sinking of the *Hampshire*, and Ernst Carl's may or may not be true. In any event, it is unfortunately a fact that Carl's autobiography is badly written, colossally egotistical, and not nearly so interesting as it should be. Whether his claims are justified or not, he makes poor use of exciting and sensational material.

MEN AND BRETHREN, by James Gould Cozzens (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). An Episcopal clergyman in charge of a small New York parish is the central figure in this slight, rather witty novel. Worldly, tired, a little cynical, Ernest Cudlipp nevertheless preserves a real faith in his religion which almost seems at variance with his character. With considerable technical adroitness, Mr. Cozzens follows Cudlipp's activities over one stifling summer week end, shows what demands are made upon him, how he becomes involved in the tragedies of others, at what points he is forced to compromise. *Men and Brethren* is neither so good nor so substantial a novel as *The Last Adam*, but it is ingenious and extremely readable.

EPITAPH ON GEORGE MOORE, by Charles Morgan (Macmillan, $1.25). Invited by Moore himself to be his biographer, Mr. Morgan was later obliged to abandon the project because he was denied access to indispensable material. Instead he has written this concise, exquisite monograph which describes Moore's method of work, the theory underlying his fastidious novels, and the curious duality of spirit with which he had to contend. Mr. Morgan says a great deal in very brief space and is discriminating in his defense of Moore both as a writer and a human being.

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James Truslow Adams

Cancer Psychic Dictators

THERE is a world of difference between cancer, psychic qualities and ruthless dictators yet all three have two things in common — they are tremendously interesting subjects; each of them is vividly discussed in the February issue of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE by writers of authority. Of course, there are other things in the February issue — short stories, poems, articles on economics, politics, social science, book reviews and "As I Like It" by William Lyon Phelps — but these feature articles are the highlights.

Will You Have Cancer?

Cancer is a nightmare of a disease — agonizing and horrible, relentlessly slow to run its ghastly course. But it can be avoided, it may be cured readily. Dr. Louis Dublin, a veteran for many years in the war against cancer tells Scribner readers how to fight it, how to avoid it. To read it is to better understand this curse of mankind, the better able to prevent its getting a foothold and to fight it once its dread work has begun.

Are You Psychic?

A large portion of our population is apparently laboring under the delusion that they are psychic — at least while sitting at the bridge table. Some are, a great many are not, if the final tally is any indication. Seriously though, there is something to this psychic business. Arthur Train, creator of that peerless member of the bar, Ephraim Tutt tells how you may find out just what your psychic powers are — if any. Read what Mr. Train has to say about psychic powers, discover for yourself whether you possess this mystic something — maybe it will help your bridge game.

Have We A Dictator?

A startling question perhaps, but one that is of vital interest to all Americans. For more than a century and a half this country has prospered under the Constitution — can it continue to do so in the years to come? James Truslow Adams, America's greatest living historian, analyzes for readers of SCRIBNER'S, the Constitution of the United States. Against a historical background, he draws a picture that makes clear under just what form of government we now are living. He began his series of articles in the December issue — the fifth and last will appear in April. The question headlining this paragraph, "Have We A Dictator?" is answered in his February discussion.

Stories, Poems, Hobbies

The sketches of the three headline articles in the February issue give merely an idea, and a small idea at that, of what may be found in any issue of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. For people who like to read the best in fiction, poetry, book reviews, not to forget authoritative articles on politics, science, economics, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE is *their* magazine. Unique among the quality periodicals is "After Hours," a department devoted to the hobbies of our readers, who contribute all of the material used.

So that you may become better acquainted with SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, we will send you six issues beginning with February, if you will fill out the coupon and return to us, together with $1.00. Our regular price for a year's subscription is $4.00.

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